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The poetical works of Sir Thomas Wyatt.



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THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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PAUL'S WORK.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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With Memoir and Critical Dissertation,  
BY THE  
REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

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THE  
LIFE OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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SIR THOMAS WYATT ranks with Henry, Earl of Surrey, as one of the best of our early poets; and with Surrey, Byron, Walpole, and some others, as one of the comparatively few of our aristocracy who have contributed much of value to the stores of English literature. He was descended from an ancient and noble family, which had been settled for several successive generations at Southange, in the county of York. His father, Sir Henry, had been faithful to the cause of the House of Lancaster during its darkest days; had been imprisoned in the Tower by Richard III., and even, it is said, tortured in the Usurper's presence. It is stated by tradition, and is inscribed on his monument in Kent, that, during his imprisonment, a cat brought him daily a pigeon from a neighbouring dove-cot, which served amply to supply his wants! When the sun began to shine on the Lancastrian side of the hedge, Henry VII. did not forget the loyalty of the able, prudent, and wise Sir Henry Wyatt, but appointed him one of his Privy Councillors, and afterwards one of the executors to his will. In the year 1493, we find him rich enough to purchase the estate of Allington, near Maidstone, in Kent, which became the residence of the family; and about the same time he also bought from the Marquis of Dorset the estate and mansion of Mole, lying a little to the east of Maidstone, and which fell afterwards into the possession of the Earl of Romney. After Henry VII.'s death, Wyatt was nominated by the Countess of Richmond one of the council for managing public affairs till the young king was of age; and he con-

tinued under Henry VIII. to enjoy many marks of royal distinction. At his coronation on the 23d of July 1509, Wyatt was created a Knight of the Bath; and having greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Spurs in August 1513, he was made Knight Banneret on the spot: besides afterwards acting at one time as Knight Marshall; at another, as Keeper of the King's Jewels; and at a third as Ewerer to His Majesty. In 1502 he married Anne, daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate, in Surrey, and by her had three children—Thomas, the elder Sir Thomas Wyatt, as he is usually denominated, Henry, and Margaret.

The year 1503 was the time, and Allington Castle the place, signalled by the birth of our poet. As to the first twelve years of his life, biography is silent; but it seems probable that he enjoyed the instructions of a private tutor. In 1515 he was entered of St John's, Cambridge. He took his degree of B.A. in 1518, and that of A.M. in 1520. In the same year, when only seventeen, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham. In 1525 he took part in a grand feat of arms which was performed at Greenwich at Christmas. Wyatt was one of sixteen challengers; and the enterprise began the day after St John the Evangelist's day, and lasted till the 8th of February, when "every man having journeyed as his course came, and many a sword being broken, and many a good stripe given, and every man having stricken his full number of twelve strokes, the combatants were severed and disarmed, and the achievement closed." Those who have the opportunity of consulting Hall's Chronicles, will find there a full and glowing picture of this splendid passage of arms, which the graceful and gallant courtesy of the combatants, the quaint titles and devices, the presence of the most beautiful and illustrious ladies, whose eyes

"Rain influence, and decide the prize;"

the gorgeous costumes, and the mazy dances, which alternated with the mock fights, must have rendered enchanting—reminding us, in some points, of the "gentle and joyous

passage of arms" at Ashby, in Ivanhoe, and exciting a renewal of the old sigh of Burke, because the "age of chivalry is gone."

In the absence of distinct information, various pleasant myths have been invented about this period of Wyatt's life, some supposing that he completed his education at Oxford, and others tracing him in imaginary tours to Paris and Italy. The fact, however, seems to be, that as Dr Nott well remarks, "at the period when Wood supposes him to have been advancing himself in learning by hearing the cardinal's lectures at Oxford, he must have been dividing his time between his attendance at Court, and the society of his wife Elizabeth in the classic bowers of Allington, on the peaceful and romantic shores of the winding Medway."

The first authentic glimpse we get of him after the birth of his eldest son, in 1521, is at Anne Boleyn's marriage, in July 1533, where Wyatt officiated as ewerer, in room of his father. He had undoubtedly, in the mean time, been cultivating his mind in his study, perhaps serving in the army, and certainly shining in the Court. He possessed almost all the qualifications which go to constitute a consummate courtier. He had a noble appearance, a form where, according to Surrey, "force and beauty met," a face of perfect symmetry, eyes of dazzling lustre, a mouth of singular sweetness, and a carriage distinguished alike by dignity and ease—the dignity of the oak and the yielding grace of the willow. His accomplishments, too, were extensive, and yet hung elegantly about him, waving to his outline freely like the toga—not sternly girded around him like the tunic. He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish, like English, besides being thoroughly acquainted with the classical languages. He sung, too, and played skilfully on the lute; excelled in the arts of conversation, particularly in wit and repartee; was already celebrated as a poet, and formed altogether an unequalled specimen of the high-born cavalier of the period—of the soldier and the scholar, the gentleman and the genius. Through his various accomplishments he ingratiated himself greatly with the king, but is said to have used his influence

more in favour of others than of himself, so that it became a proverb when any one received unexpected advancement—"He has been in Wyatt's closet." That our young wit and poet passed through the ordeal of such a Court as Bluff King Hal's quite scatheless, is far from probable; but there is no evidence that he was ever dissolute or abandoned to pleasure. He accuses himself, indeed, to his son of past folly and unthriftiness; but it is not certain whether the folly ever amounted to guilt, or the unthriftiness to dissipation. His gay qualities, however, contributed, with other circumstances, to bring him into serious dangers, and nearly to premature death.

Our readers are all familiar with the character of the "Blue-beard among Monarchs;" the wife-killing king, Henry VIII., and with the tragic fate of (if we may use the somewhat paradoxical term) the "English Mary Queen of Scots," poor unfortunate Anne Boleyn. We must not judge of King Henry as a monster. There are few, if any, monsters in the history of mankind. He was merely a man of strong passions, developed by power and popularity into a selfish and ungovernable despot—a despot who would have been incomparably more tyrannical to his people, had not his fury found a safety-valve in his cruel treatment of his wives. The whole history of his marriages has almost a phantasmagorial effect on the imagination. His wives come like shadows, and like shadows depart—each diverse in aspect as in destiny—the gentle, dignified, and pious Catharine of Arragon, dying after writing a last letter to her husband, full of a tenderness and pathos which melted even his rough nature to tears, and leaving the "Bloody Mary" as her sad and terrible legacy to England—the gay and beautiful Anne Boleyn, appearing to imagination like that pale fair girl in Faust, with

"A single blood-red line,  
Not larger than the sharp end of a knife,  
Around her lovely neck,"

and from whose blood sprang Elizabeth, the Lioness of the Protestant faith—Jane Seymour, the beloved Rachel among the throng, and the mother of the boy-king Edward

VI., although, alas! like the Princess Charlotte in later days, perishing in parturition, and being, like her, the “consort of a year,” although not the “parent of the dead”—the coarse Anne of Cleves, the voluptuous and unhappy Catherine Howard—and the learned, sensible, and religious Catherine Parr, who was fortunate enough to outlive her capricious and sensual lord, and whose “Prayers and Meditations, wherein the mind is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, and to set at nought the vaine prosperitie of this worlde, and, also, to long for the everlasting felicitie,” still survive to praise her in the gates. It was Anne Boleyn, the second in this strange procession, whose name has been associated with that of Wyatt, and the vortex of whose fate had very nearly engulfed our accomplished and brilliant bard. It will be remembered that she accompanied Mary, sister of Henry, on her marriage with Louis XII., to France, as maid of honour, and that, afterwards, she entered the service, first of Queen Claude, wife of Francis I., and then of his sister, the Duchess of Alençon. Her youth, beauty,\* wit, and the fascination of her manners, rendered her a great favourite in the French Court, where it is supposed Wyatt first met and became enamoured of her. On her return to England, she was appointed lady of honour to Queen Catharine, and attracted the notice of the king, who straightway moved heaven and earth, first, in an attempt to seduce her, which was unsuccessful, and then to obtain her as his wife. They were privately married, on November 14, 1532, but soon, her pregnancy revealing the secret, Cranmer declared the first marriage void, and celebrated a second, after which Anne was crowned Queen at Westminster, amidst circumstances of unequalled splendour. Her triumph proved as brief as her rise had been sudden. Henry speedily tired of her, transferring his affections to Jane Seymour, her maid of honour, and pretending to entertain suspicions of the Queen’s virtue. In 1535, two years after she had given birth to Elizabeth, she was

\* *That*, however, was far from perfect. She had six fingers on her right hand, and her complexion was too yellow. Her eyes, however, were fine, and her carriage majestic.

imprisoned, accused, brought to trial before a jury of peers, and, on the testimony of one Smeatoun, a musician, who confessed himself her paramour, was condemned to death by twenty-six judges. The sentence was executed on the 19th May. She died with great firmness and dignity, sending a message to request forgiveness from the Princess Mary, the daughter of Catharine, for the injuries she had done to her and her mother, and another to the king, thanking him, that he had “uniformly continued his endeavours for her advancement—from a private gentlewoman having made her first a marchioness, then a queen—and as he could raise her no higher in this world, now sending her to be a saint in heaven.” There is something in the mock humility and subacid bitterness of this message, as well as in her accomplishments, her early connexion with the Court of France, her grace and gaiety, her undoubted imprudence, surmised infidelity, and melancholy doom, to confirm the statement of the resemblance we have already mentioned between Anne Boleyn—the mother of Queen Elizabeth—and Mary of Scots, her great rival and victim.

Much obscurity rests on the nature of the connexion between Anne Boleyn and Wyatt. That they were acquainted is certain; that they were mutually attracted is probable; that, in the language of a modern historian, speaking of Barbaroux and Madame Roland, “they did look into each others eyes, and felt that to each other they were all too lovely,” is a pleasant enough fancy. Here and there, besides, occur allusions in Wyatt’s poetry, which serve to corroborate the suspicion. His mistress’ name is “Anna.” He speaks of his wealth, and even life, having been in great danger in May, the month when Anne Boleyn was tried and executed. He says again—

“ And now I follow the coals that be quent,  
From Dover to Calais against my mind;”

lines which are supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn’s excursion to France, as Marchioness of Pembroke, in 1532, a little before her marriage, and to imply that Wyatt reluctantly

attended thither, his quenched or quenching flame. Yet his name does not occur in the list of the persons noticed in the account of the expenses of that voyage. He says, too, in reference to a lady—

“Graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
There is written her fair neck round about,  
Noli me tangere, Caesar, I am.”

words which can hardly be explained, except on the supposition, that the object of his passion had come into the power of a royal lover. Anne was attended by the poet's sister Margaret, on the scaffold, and, with a smile of farewell tenderness, gave to her a little prayer-book, set in gold, enamelled black, which she long preserved as a precious relic. A tradition, too, of the attachment is said to exist in the Wyatt family. And there is reason to believe, from a half burnt passage of a letter in the Cotton collection, that Anne Boleyn, during her confinement in the Tower, read and admired Wyatt's songs and poems. Still, of criminal intimacy there is not the slightest evidence; and, whatever Platonic affection there might be between the parties, it seems to have faded away, before, in an evil hour, the “Anna” of Wyatt's muse became the short-lived Queen of England. //

The suspicion our poet underwent, and which, by his own account, had nearly proved fatal to his prospects, soon subsided, and on Easter day, 16th April 1536 or 1537, we find him created a knight, although, not long after, on account of some quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk, he was committed to the Tower. There he continued for only a short time, and was then appointed to a post in the army of the Duke of Norfolk, who was employed in subduing a rebellion in Lincolnshire. Before Wyatt, however, reached the scene of action, the rebels were routed. In token of the king's confidence, he was the next year made Sheriff of Kent, and shortly after was despatched to the Continent, to make up the dispute between Henry and the Emperor, who was naturally indignant at the treatment of Catharine of Arragon, and interested in promoting the claims of her daughter Mary. In going, whether

from carelessness or from haste, Wyatt left his affairs in a state of confusion, and, as Thomas Cromwell tells him, “rawness,” exceedingly characteristic of a poet. By April 1537, he had reached Spain, and continued there for more than two years, conducting the necessary negotiations with much skill and judgment, although considerably embarrassed, partly through the complexity of the affairs, and partly through the duplicity of the Emperor and his Counsellors. In the end of 1539, he returned to England, where he met a gratifying reception from Henry, and then hastened to the country to spend some quiet months in his own home.

The end of this year the Emperor proceeded through France to the Low Countries, and Wyatt was despatched to Paris as English ambassador, with a view to watch his motions. Having first had an interview with the French king at Blois, he joined the emperor at Chateaureault, and thence attended him to Paris, to Brussels, and to Ghent. His letters home are clear and sagacious, but testify to his intense disgust at his avocations, and his eagerness to return to his own country. At length, about the middle of May 1540, his wish was gratified, and he was again welcomed by the king with the most flattering tokens of approbation. During one of his visits to the Continent, at the dissolution of the monasteries, he had requested, and through Cromwell’s influence obtained, the friary of Arlesford in Kent, which adjoined his family estate at Allington.

Wyatt had undoubtedly performed good service on the Continent, particularly by detecting and baffling the schemes of Cardinal Pole, who had been sent from Rome to Spain for the purpose of uniting the emperor and Francis in a league against England; but who, through Wyatt’s interference, was so coldly received at Madrid, that he retired in chagrin to Avignon. Yet our poet had scarcely reached home, till he found his conduct cruelly misrepresented by his enemies. Bonner, afterwards infamous for his treatment of the Protestants, and surnamed the “Bloody Bonner,” had been united with Wyatt in the continental embassy, and had formed a bitter enmity against him; encouraged by the fall of Lord Thomas Cromwell, who had been Wyatt’s patron, he accused

him of holding a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, and of having treated the king with disrespect while ambassador in 1538 and 1539. Through his insinuations, Henry's wrath was roused against the poet, and he threw him into the Tower. There he was treated with great severity. This we infer from his lines in prison to Bryan :—

“Sighs are my food, my drink they are my tears,  
Clinking of fetters such music would crave ;  
Stink and close air away my life wears,  
Innocency is all the hope I have.  
Rain, wind, and weather I judge by my ears,  
Malice assaults that righteousness should have,  
Sure I am, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,  
But yet, alas ! the scar shall still remain.”

After he had been for some time in the Tower, the Privy Council desired him to state what the causes of his offence at the emperor's court were ; and he replied, in a letter subjoined to this memoir. Shortly after, he was tried, and delivered the memorable defence, which we have also subjoined. It still richly deserves perusal, is manly in spirit, ingenious in its course of argument, and sparkles with wit and sarcasm. Not contented with defending himself, he retorts on his opponents, and makes Bonner especially look very contemptible. He was triumphantly acquitted, and Henry, the same year, bestowed on him certain lands in Lambeth, and the year after appointed him high steward of the Manor of Maidstone, and gave him estates in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, in exchange for others of less value in Kent.

To this crisis in Wyatt's life, Surrey alludes in one of his poems of the “Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt :”—

“Divers thy death, so diversely bemoan  
Some that in presence of thy livelihed \*  
Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swollen,  
Yield Caesar's tears upon Pompeius' head.  
Some that watched with the murderer's knife,  
With eager thirst to shed thy guiltless blood,  
Whose practice brake by happy end of life,  
With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.”

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\* “Presence of thy livelihed :” presence of thee living.

Wyatt now retired to Allington, and amused himself by writing his Satires, addressed to his friend John Pointz, in which he gives a decided and eloquent preference to a country over a town life—the result, doubtless, of his own individual experience, since all his happy days had been passed at his ancestral seat, and all his miseries arose from his connexion with the Court. The winter of 1541, and the spring and summer of 1542, passed pleasantly with our poet. Besides the Satires, he wrote his version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and occupied his leisure in improving his estate, and superintending the education of his nephew Henry Lee.

In the autumn of 1542, an embassy from the emperor being expected to arrange for a war with France, Henry ordered Wyatt to meet it at Falmouth, and conduct it to London. Hasting to obey the royal mandate, our poet went through most unfavourable weather to Sherborne, overheated himself, and was seized with a malignant fever. Horsey, one of his most intimate friends, who lived close at hand, came to his aid, but in vain. His constitution speedily yielded to the disease, and he expired on the 10th or 11th of October 1542, at the early age of thirty-nine. Horsey closed his eyes, and his body being unfit for removal, buried him in his own vault in the Great Church at Sherborne, where he lies without monument or inscription. He left an only son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, called usually Wyatt the younger, who, in 1554, having joined in the Lady Jane Grey conspiracy, was condemned and executed for high treason.

Thus prematurely perished the graceful, accomplished, eloquent, and gifted Wyatt the elder. He died regretted by all, except the Roman Catholics, who had long known his leaning to the Protestant faith. He seems to have been altogether a most admirable character—generous and brave, true to his friends, liberal to his dependants, full of varied learning, and actuated in his general conduct by high moral and Christian principle. In his defence he confesses, indeed, that he was not immaculate—saying, “I grant I do not profess chastity; but yet I use not abomination.” In his attachment to Anne Boleyn he was to be pitied as much as blamed,

and there is no other stain, whether deep or faint, upon his escutcheon.

We come now to a few remarks on his poetry. It is manifestly but a small extract from the large nature of the man; but in its smallness forms an exquisitely finished miniature of its author. It naturally and logically divides itself into three parts, answering in a remarkable manner to the various epochs in the history of the writer. We have first his Love-poetry, then his Satires, and finally his Paraphrase of David's Penitential Psalms. His Love-poetry is remarkable for its purity. The passion is clothed and disguised under the innumerable quaintnesses of expression, like Eve under her fantastic attire of fig-leaves. The love of Wyatt is neither, on the one hand, the merely animal feeling to be found in Dryden, and under a guise of refinement and a classical costume in Horace also, and Anacreon; nor is it, on the other hand, the fine etherealised rapture of a Crashaw or a Shelley—it partakes in some measure of both, and unites them into a *tertium quid*, blended of warm enthusiasm and homely natural feeling of the poetical and the subduedly sensuous. Such, we think, was the general character of the love-poetry of the Reformation age, as we find it in Surrey, in Spenser, and in almost all the plays of Shakspeare. It is never contaminated by corruption, and yet it never condescends to wear a gauzy veil of sentimentalism. It is plain-spoken, yet pure. Its extravagances are sincere in their very absurdity. A certain chivalric fervour and grace mingle with its most fervid expressions. It is the love of Piercie Shafton, than whom Scott seldom drew a truer and better character, for the Miller's daughter, without his coxcombry. To Wyatt and those other writers of his day his beloved is a goddess indeed; but a goddess stooping from heaven into his ardent embrace, and in embracing her he himself becomes in part divine. Some may object to the minuteness with which he anatomises his love feelings, and to the endless repetitions and refrains of his amorous song, but none can deny the sincerity of the songster; and the curious and quaint modes in which he expresses his affections remind you pleasantly of

Arcadia and its poetical lovers; or of Shakspeare's Arcadia of Arden, where his Rosalinds and Orlandoes were wont to "fleat their time, as in the golden world." Every little song and madrigal of Wyatt's seems as if it had been first carved on the bark of a forest-tree, or perchance inscribed on the sand of the sea-shore, and thence transferred to his immortal verse.

In his Satires we find what we may call a mellowed souredness of spirit, like the taste of the plum or sloe when touched by the first frosts. There is no fury, no rancour, and but little bitterness. You have simply a good and great man, who has left the public arena early and without stain, giving the results of his experience, and deliberately preferring the life of rural simplicity and peace to that of courtly etiquette and diplomatic falsehood. How different from the savage and almost fiendish eye of retrospect such men as Swift and Byron cast upon a world which they have spurned, and which, with quite as much justice, has spurned them! Wyatt and the world, on the other hand, part fair foes, and shake hands ere they diverge from each other's paths for ever.

In his version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, some have fancied that they see a tacit acknowledgment, on our poet's part, of some special criminality. If it were so, it would only prove that he resembled one of the noblest characters in history in his repentance as well as in his sin. But we agree with Nott in thinking, that Wyatt's choice of such a theme for his muse arose merely from that growing solemnity and seriousness of mind which often distinguish a man in middle life more than in advanced years. As it is, his version of these psalms is very striking, more deeply impregnated with evangelical truth than anything in that age's poetry, and when he speaks at the close, in his own person, he approaches the sublime. Listen to the following picture of David in the cave:—

"He seemed in that place  
A marble image, of singular reverence  
Carved in the rock, with eyes and hand on high,  
Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.

Thus while a beam *that Bright Sun forth sends,*  
That sun the which was never cloud could hide,  
Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descends,  
Whose glancing light the cords did over glide,  
And such lustre upon the harp extends  
As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,  
The lome whereof into his eyes did start,  
Surprised with joy by penance of the heart."

Our readers will observe in this extract, and throughout his poems, a certain ruggedness of versification and style; but they will not fail also to notice in every part of the volume traces of the ingenuity, eloquence, earnestness, fancy, and fire, which combine to constitute a true, if not a transcendent, poet.



THE  
DEFENCE OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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SIR THOMAS WYATT'S LETTER TO THE  
PRIVY COUNCIL IN 1541.\*

PLEASE IT YOUR GOOD LORDSHIPS TO UNDERSTAND,

I HAVE knowledge by Mr Lieutenant that the King's pleasure is, and your commandment, that I should write and declare such things as have passed me whilst I was in the Emperor's Court, by word, writing, communing, or receiving, with or from any man, whereby I know myself to have offended, or whereby I might run in suspect of offence—namely, in the time of that Court being at Nice and Villa Franca.

First; like as I take God to record, in whom I trust to be saved, and whose redemption I forsake if wittingly I lie, so do I humbly in His name beseech you all, that in those things that be not fresh in my memory no captious advantage be taken of me: professing always that if myself can by any means, or your Lordships, or any other, reduce any other thing than I shall touch to my remembrance, sincerely and uncolourably from time to time to declare the truth in prison, or out. And for my part I declare affirmingly at all proofs whereby a Christian man may be tried, that in my life in crime towards the Majesty of the King my master, or any his issue in deed, word, writing, or wish, I never offended. I

\* See page xiii. ante.

never committed malice or offence, or (as I have presently said before you) done a thing wherein my thought could accuse my conscience as touching words with any the King's enemy, or traitor, in my life. I remember not that ever I spake with any, knowing him at that time to be a traitor, or enemy, but to Brauncetour at his apprehension in Paris, and to Trogmorton at St Daves, that would have brought me a present of wine from Pole: which processes, I doubt not but it is well in your Lordships remembrance.

I had forgot in this place a light fellow, a gunner, that was an Englishman, and came out of Ireland with an Irish traitor, called James; I have forgot his other name and doubt in that also. He could scarce speak English, and drunken he was; and on a day I rebuked him out of my house; and he sought to advertise me of that James' coming again; but the thing was of no value, and I neglected them.

And there was also a fool, an Irishman, that was lame, maimed in the Emperor's wars; and there took him by the name of Rosarossa, because he ware a red rose in his breast: but there was no substance of those things. But if they require any further, I am ready to say to it; though it be to none effect. Writing I never received none of any there, being known a traitor, or being suspect of treason: or none afterwards proved a traitor, other than followeth.

Of the Earl of Essex (being then as the King's chief Councillor, and after declared a traitor of Pagett) a letter, being inclosed within a letter of the Earl of Essex, directing another letter with the same to Brauncetour. Pate's letters I sent to the Earl of Essex, Brauncetour not yet known for a traitor. Of Leze, a letter or two, he being in Italy. Whereunto I answered him in substance, exhorting him to come and see Spain, and return into England with me: he then not being suspected of any offence, to my knowledge.

Of Brauncetour two or three letters (he being at Tour de Himmes in Castille, and I at Barcelona) concerning my money of the bank. This was twelve months before he was discovered for a traitor. Other letters or writings, such as above, I never remember that any came to my hands, or

through my hands unopened, but of the Priest that was my Lord Lyster's chaplain; which I opened, and after brought them the King.

Communing with any declared or known then to me a traitor or rebel, with sending of message, recommendations, advertisements, favourable tokens, or writings, or any such matter, let it be proved and impute it to me for treason. Nor I say not that, for that I have done it so secretly that it cannot be proved, but, as God judge me, I am clear of thought. Receiving, I am as clear as sending. God knoweth what restless torment it hath been to me since my hither coming, to examine myself, perusing all my deeds to my remembrance, whereby a malicious enemy might take advantage by evil interpretation. But, as I complained before to your Lordships, it had grieved me the suspect I have been in, being in Spain, that it was noised that I was run away to the Bishop of Rome, had not the King's Majesty had so good opinion of me that, as I know, at my coming home they were punished that had sown that noise on me.

And further, by examination of Mason; the which thing, with that you name the towns Nice and Villa Franca, reneweth the suspect thereof. Whereof the substance and truth of that I passed there, to my remembrance I shall declare sincerely.

At the Emperor's arrival at Villa Franca (which is about one mile from Nice, and where is a boat for galleys) to my galley came a servant from the Bishop of London that now is, and Dr Haynes, advertising me of their being at Nice. I went with my boat without delay to them; and, to be short, I gat them [lodging] at Villa Franca, right over against my own, as good as the time and place would suffer. For though they were better lodged at Nice, yet methought that Court being full of the Court of Rome; it was scant sure nor convenient, nor so meet for our communication. The execution thereof needs not here to be comprehended: it was then advertised of. And besides, I suppose it be not the intent of this declaration. I, as God judge me, like as I was continually imagining, and compassing what way I might do

best service; so rested I not day nor night to hunt out for knowledge of those things. I trotted continually up and down that hell through heat and stink, from counsellor to ambassador, from one friend to another; but the things then were either so secretly handled, or yet not in coverture, that I, with all mine acquaintance, and much less they my colleagues for any policy or industry that I saw them use, could not get any knowledge. Methought (an Emperor, a French King, and Bishop of Rome being so assembled, pretending an union of all the world, to be treated by the hands of my Master's mortal enemy, I being present, neither having knowledge of anything, nor thilk advertisement from hence) that I should leave no stone unmoved to get some intelligence; although, peradventure my colleagues thought that little to be their charge, but only to convert the Emperor by their learning.

Upon this it chanced that upon a day there was no person at dinner with us but we three, and Mason; and, the servants being from the board, (whether they were gone for meat, or whether I bade them go down, I remember not) I rehearsed the [case], care I had for lack of knowledge, and the necessity, and demanded their opinion, "What if Mason should insinuate himself dissembling with Pole, to suck something worthy of knowledge in these great matters." They both thought it good, and Mason was content to essay it when he should see time and occasion. The certain time how long I tarried after, or how long I was there in all, on my truth I remember not; but I think I was not there twelve days in all afore anything done in this matter. To my knowledge, my overture for my coming to the King was made unto me; wherein I had not so much respect to the offers that were made, as to the promise and the assurance that both the Emperor, Grandvela, and Cavas made me, that nothing neither with Bishop or King should be treated and concluded till I came again, if I came in fifteen or sixteen days, or that the King did send resolution upon these affairs. This, methought, was so gladsome unto me to win to the King, he being unbound and at liberty so many days (with my posting only and pain in so high matters), that all my policy of know-

ledge and intelligence was clean forgotten with me. Me thought I had enough. The resolution upon these affairs your Lordships knoweth; and the success after sheweth what was meant then. The day passed; and [before] my return (although I solicited earnestly my dispatch) the appointment [was] concluded, and these Princes departed.

Touching this device of Mason with Pole, this is all that soundeth in any case to my fact. And let it be proved that ever by Mason, or any other, I sent him word, advertisement, or put word or order in his mouth what he should say or do, other than I have declared, and let it be imputed treason unto me.

The like unto this I used after at Toledo, where I used Mr Foleman's brother and another merchant that had been spoiled, to seek means to enter into Pole's lodging, and to spy who resorted thither, and what they could learn; whereby I discovered Brauncetour's treason, not only resorting to Pole, but plainly exhorting them to forsake the King and follow Pole, whereof I advertised: and by that also I knew of Grandvela's being there secretly with him; upon which I got of Grandvela further knowledge of Pole's suits and demands. This I did without consultation, for I had no colleague with me. But at Paris, about the apprehension of Brauncetour, I used Welden and Swerder, and that with participation of both Mr Tate and the Bishop of London, to be spies over Braunce-tour, and to put themselves into company, whereby I ever knew where he became, till the hour came that he was apprehended, Welden being in the chamber with him. Our Lord defend these men, that the thing that was both meant and done in the King's service, should be prejudiced by suspect in this behalf.

But to return to the matter of Mason. I met with the Emperor upon the sea afore Marseilles, coming in a boat from Aquas-Mortes, both in hazard of the Moors and naughty weather, because I would prevent the Emperor and the French King's meeting, which should be at Aquas-Mortes. But I came too late to break anything. Now, had the Emperor been at Genes, and there had Mason gotten occasion to

enter with Pole; and he told me that he could suck nothing out of him, for that he seemed to suspect him. At Venice was I never. Whilst this was done was I yet in England; and Mason told me that he had written to me and the Earl of Essex what he had done, which letters never came to my hands, nor almost a year after to the Earl of Essex's hands, as the same Earl told me at my coming home: and further told me how honestly Mason had declared himself, and how well the King took it, and how good lord he was to him. And further declared unto me the chance, that though the letters that Mason wrote to him came not yet then to his hands, that in searching Mason's papers, the minute thereof was found; and after how the letter self came to his hands, adding thereunto these words, "They meant at Mason, but they shot at the Wyatt." And I remember well the answer I made was, "They strake at me, but they hurt me not; therefore, I pray God forgive them, but i-beshrew their hearts for their meaning." Mason of this all the while never wrote unto me into Spain, but that he was detained with a quartan; but I knew by Grandvela that he was detained by examination, wherein I was suspect; and further particular I could nothing of him. And after, as it may appear by my letters, I solicited my coming home for my declaration. If these be the matters that may bring me into suspect, me seemeth, if I be not blinded by mine cause, that the credit that an Ambassador hath, or ought to have, might well discharge as great stretches as these. If in these matters I have presumed to be trusty more than I was trusted, surely the zeal of the King's service drove me to it. And I have been always of opinion, that the King's Majesty either should send for Ambassadors such as he trusteth, or trust such as he sendeth. But all ye, my good Lords, and masters of the Council, that hath, and shall in like case serve the King, for Christ's charity weigh in this mine innocence, as you would be deemed in your first days, when you have [had] charge without experience. For if it be not by practice and means that an Ambassador should have and come to secrets, a Prince were as good send naked letters, and to receive naked letters, as to be at charge for residencers. And

if a man should be driven to be so scrupulous to do nothing without warrant, many occasions of good service should scape him.

Touching the Bishop of London and Haynes' calumniing in this matter, when it shall please your Lordships to examine me, I shall sincerely declare unto you the malice that hath moved them; and if I might be examiner in my own cause, I know they cannot avoid their untruth in denial of their consent in this cause of Mason.

I beseech you humbly be my good Lords, and let not my life wear away here, that might peradventure be better spent in some days deed for the King's service. Our Lord put in your hearts to do with me as I have deserved toward the King's Majesty.

The King's true, faithful subject and servant, and humble orator,

T. WYATT.

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### SIR THOMAS WYATT'S DEFENCE,

#### AFTER THE INDICTMENT AND EVIDENCE.

MY LORDS,—If it were here the law, as hath been in some commonwealths, that in all accusations the defendant should have double the time to say and defend, that the accusers have in making their accusements; and that the defendant might detain unto him counsel, as in France, or where the Civil Law is used; then might I well spare some of my leisure to move your Lordships' hearts to be favourable unto me; then might I by counsel help my truth, which by mine own wit I am not able against such a prepared thing. But inasmuch as that time, that your Lordships will favourably give me without interruption, I must spend to instruct without help of counsel their consciences, that must pronounce upon me; I beseech you only (at the reverence of God, whose place in judgment you occupy under the King's Majesty, and whom you ought to have, where you are, before your eyes)

that you be not both my judges and my accusers, that is to say, that you aggravate not my cause unto the quest, but that alone unto their requests or unto mine, which I suppose to be both ignorant in the law, ye interpret law sincerely. For although it be these men that must pronounce upon me: yet I know right well what a small word may, of any of your mouths that sit in your place, to these men that seeketh light at your hands. This done, with your Lordships' leaves, I shall convert my tale unto those men.

I say unto you, my good masters and Christian brethren, that if I might have had such help, as I spake of to my Lords before, counsel, and time, I doubt not but I should fully have satisfied your conscience, and have persuaded you. Nor I mean no such time as hath been had for the inventing, for the setting forth, for the indictment, for devisement of the dilating of the matters by my masters here of the King's Majesty's learned counsel; for it is three years that this matter is first begun: but I would have wished only so much time, that I might have read that they have penned; and penned too, that you might read. But that may not be. Therefore, I must answer directly to the accusation, which will be hard for me to remember.

The accusation comprehendeth the indictment, and all these worshipful men's tales annexed thereunto. The length whereof, the cunning whereof, made by learned men, weaved in and out to persuade you and trouble me here and there, to seek to answer that is in the one afore, and in the other behind, may both deceive you and amaze me, if God put not in your heads honest wisdom to weigh these things as much as it ought to be. So to avoid the danger of your forgetting, and my trouble in the declaration, it is necessary to gather the whole process into these chief points, and unto them to answer directly, whereby ye shall perceive what be the principals, and what be the effects which these men craftily and wittingly have weaved together, that a simple man might hardly try the one from the other. Surely, but that I understand mine own matter, I should be too much to seek and accumbered in it. But, masters, this is more of law than

of equity, of living than of uprightness, with such intricate appearances to blind men's conscience; specially in the case of man's life, where alway the naked truth is the goodliest persuasion. But to purpose.

Of the points that I am accused of, to my perceiving, these be the two marks whereunto mine accusers direct all their shot of eloquence. A deed and a saying. After this sort, in effect, is the deed alleged with so long words: "Wyatt, in so great trust with the King's Majesty, that he made him his ambassador, and for whom his Majesty hath done so much, being ambassador, hath had intelligence with the King's rebel and traitor Pole." Touching the saying, amounteth to this much: "That same Wyatt, being also ambassador, maliciously, falsely, and traitorously said, that he feared that the King should be cast out of a cart's tail; and that by God's blood, if he were so, he were well served, and he would he were so." The sole apparel of the rest of all this process pertaineth to the proofs of the one or other of these two points. But if these two points appear unto you to be more than false, maliciously invented, craftily disguised, and worse set forth, I doubt not but the rest of their proofs will be but reproofs in every honest man's judgment. But let us come to the matter.

And here I beseech you, if any of you have brought with you already my judgment, by reason of such tales as ye have heard of me abroad, that ye will leave all such determination aside, and only weigh the matter as it shall be here apparent unto you. And besides that, think, I beseech you, that if it be sufficient for the condemnation of any man to be accused only, that then there is no man guiltless. But if for condemnation is requisite proof and declaration, then take me as yet not condemned, till thoroughly, advisedly, and substantially ye have heard and marked my tale.

First you must understand that my masters here, serjeant — and other of the King's Counsel that allege here against me, were never beyond the sea with me, that I remember. They never heard me say any such words there, never saw me have any intelligence with Pole, nor my

indicters neither. Wherein you must mark, that neither these men which talk here unsworn, nor the indictment at large, is to be regarded as an evidence. The indicters have found that I have done it. If that be true, what need your trial? but if quests fetch their light at indictments at large, then is a man condemned unheard: then had my Lord Dacres been found guilty; for he was indicted at large by four or five quests; like was his matter avowed, affirmed, and aggravated by an help of learned men; but on all this the honourable and wise nobility did not once look; they looked at the evidence, in which they weighed, I suppose, the malice of his accusers, the unlikeness of the things hanging together, and, chiefly of all, the substance of the matter and the proofs.

Who then accused me that ever he heard me, or saw me, or knew me to have intelligence with Pole by word, writing, or message to or fro? No man. Why so? For there is [no] such thing. Why art thou brought hither then? It is but a bare condemnation to say, "If I had not offended, I had not been brought hither." That was their saying against Christ, that had nothing to say against him else.

But there is other matter for proofs hereof against me. There is the Right Reverend Father in God the Bishop of London, and Mr Dr Haynes, the King's Chaplain, that depose against me. What sayest thou to this, Wyatt? These men were beyond the sea with thee, where thou sayest that neither the indicters nor we were there: these men of learning, of gravity, yea! and Ambassadors with thee too.

To this I say, this word "Intelligence" concludeth a familiarity or conferring of devices together, which may be by word, message, or writing, which the law forbiddeth to be had with any the King's traitors, or rebels, pain of the like. Rehearse the law: declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. Am I a traitor, because I spake with the King's traitor? No, not for that, for I may bid him, "Avaunt, traitor;" or, "Defy him, traitor." No man will take this for treason. But where he is holpen, counselled, advertised

by my word, there lieth the treason. In writing it is like: in message it is like: for I may send him both letter and message of challenge, or defiance. But in any of these the suspect is dangerous; therefore whosoever would do any of these things, I would advise him that it appear well. And yet neither God's law, nor man's law, nor no equity condemneth a man for suspects: but for such a suspect, such a word, or writing, [that] may be so apparent by conjectures, or success of things afterwards, by vehement likelihoods, by conferring of things, and such like, that it may be a grievous matter.

But whereto do I declare this point? it is far out of my case: For if I ever spake word to him beyond the sea, and yet to my remembrance but once on this side; or if ever I wrote to him, or if I ever sent him word or message, I confess the action; let it be imputed to me for treason. I say not of word, message, or writing that should be abetting, aiding, comforting, or advertisement; but any at all, but only by his servant Trogmorton, at S. Daves, in France; which was in refusal of a present that he would have sent me of wine, and of other gear; of which thing I advertised, and it appeareth by my letters, the matter how it went; and there was present Chambers, Knowles, Mantell, Blage, and Mason, that heard what pleasant words I cherished him withal.

"Here were a great matter to blear your eyes withal," say my accusers, "if you would believe Wyatt, that is not ashamed to lie so manifestly in judgment. Didst thou not send Mason unto him at Nice? Hast thou not confessed thyself? Hath not Mason confessed it? Hath not the Bishop of London and Haynes accused thee thereof?" Forsooth never a whit. Neither sent I Mason, nor have confessed that, nor Mason so confesseth, nor, I suppose, neither of my accusers do so allege. Call for them, Bonner and Haynes; their spirituality letteth not them from judgment out of the King's Court. Let them be sworn. Their saying is, that Mason spake with Pole at Genes. Here do not they accuse me, they accuse Mason. Call forth Mason, swear him. He is defendant, his oath cannot be taken. What saith he at the least? He saith that Bon-

ner, Haynes, and Wyatt, being all three the King's ambassadors at Villa Franca besides Nice, that same Wyatt, being in great care for intelligence how the matters went there in great closeness, being an Emperor, a French King, a Bishop of Rome so nigh together, that all these lay within four miles treating upon a conclusion of peace by the hands and means of the Bishop of Rome, the King's mortal enemy ; Pole also his traitor being there practising against the King, the said Wyatt at a dinner devised and asked, "What if Mason did undermine Pole, to look if he could suck out anything of him, that were worth the King's knowledge ;" which then all three thought good, and he accepted it, when he should see his time.

Doth Mason here accuse me, or confesseth, that I sent him on a message ? What word gave I unto thee, Mason ? What message ? I defy all familiarity and friendship betwixt us, say thy worst. My accusers themselves are accused in this tale, as well as I, if this be treason. Yea, and more : for whereas I confess frankly, knowing both my conscience and the thing clear of treason : they, belike mistrusting themselves, deny this. What they mean by denying of this : minister interrogatories. Let them have such thirty-eight as were ministered unto me ; and their familiar friends examined in hold, and appear as well as I ; and let us see what milk these men would yield. Why not ? they are accused as well as I. Shall they be privileged, because they by subtle craft complained first ? where I, knowing no hurt in the thing, did not complain likewise ? But they are two. We are also two. As in spiritual courts men are wont to purge their fames, let us try our fames for our honesties, and we will give them odds. And if the thing be earnestly marked, theirs is negative, ours is affirmative. Our oaths ought to be received : theirs in this point cannot.

I say further, they are not the first openers of this matter, whereby they ought to be received. For what will they say ? Bonner wrote this out of France long after he was gone from me out of Spain. And Haynes came home, whereas he remained ambassador in France. But Mason wrote this to the

late Earl of Essex from Genes, where he had spoken with Pole, forthwith upon the speaking with him, I being here in England. For afore was I come from Villa Franca, sent to the Emperor from the King's Majesty in post: for what purpose, or what service I did, I know the King's Majesty hath esteemed more than I will ascribe unto myself; and it should but occupy the time, and instruct you little the better in the matter.

I say then, Mason wrote of this unto the Earl of Essex, and unto me also, which letters never came to my hands, nor unto the Earl of Essex's hands neither, all a year after. And when Mason was examined here upon the same afore the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Suffolk, and, as I remember, the Bishop of Durham (I being in Spain), his papers and his things were sought and visited. And where Mason alleged these letters sent to the Earl of Essex, he sware he never received them; and in that search was found the minute of that same letter. And I think Mason no such fool, but in that letter he rehearsed, that upon our consent he went to Pole, and so after what he did. Upon this, so apparent, was Mason dismissed: and long after came the letters to the Earl of Essex's hands. And this did the Earl of Essex tell me after my coming home out of Spain; and, as far as I remember, I learned that of Mr Bartlett, which was the Earl's servant, that brought the minute with Mason's papers. This I say, for that peradventure the letters cannot now be found; yet let him say what he knoweth. So that it is not to be believed, that Mason, then not being in doubt of any accusation, would have said in his letter that he went by the Ambassador's consent, unless it had been so indeed. Therefore, I say, if our consents in this be treason, then are they in this as far in as I; and their negative requireth proof, and neither oath nor denial: and our oaths are to be taken in the affirmative, and not theirs in the negative: nor they are not to be received as the first openers, for Mason wrote it long before them. And they, belike, condemning themselves in taking it to be treason, would falsely lay it unto us, that frankly confess it without thought of treason. But you may see how their falsehood hangeth together.

These men thinketh it enough to accuse: and as all these slanderers use for a general rule, “Whom thou lovest not, accuse; for though he heal the wound, yet the scar shall remain.”

But you will say unto me, What is it to thy declaration, whether they have offended or no? Thou confesest, that thou consentest to his going to the King’s traitor: how avoidest thou that? What didst thou mean by that, or what authority hadst thou so to do?

This is it, that I would ye should know, good masters, as well as God knoweth; and it shall be clear enough anon, without suspect, unto you.

But first, if that suspect should have been well and lawfully grounded, before it had come as far as accusation; it should have been proved between Pole and me kin, acquaintance, familiarity, or else accord of opinions, whereby it might appear, that my consent to Mason’s going to him should be for naughty purpose: or else there should have been brought forth some success since, some letters, if none of mine, at the least of some others, some confession of some of his adherents that have been examined or suffered.

But what? There is none. Why so? Thou shalt as soon find out oil out of a flint stone, as find any such thing in me. What I meant by it is declared unto you. It was little for my avail: it was to undermine him; it was to be a spy over him; it was to learn an enemy’s counsel. If it might have been, had it been out of purpose, trow you? I answer now, as though it had been done on my own head without the counsel of two of the King’s counsellors, and myself also the third; there is also mine authority. I have received oft thanks from the King’s Majesty, and his Councils, for things that I have gotten by such practices; as I have in twenty letters, “use now all your policy, use now all your friends, use now all your dexterity to come to knowledge and intelligence.” This, and such like, were my policy; and by such means afterwards, and setting two to be spies over that same Pole in Toledo, when he came in post to the Emperor, I discovered the treason of Brauncetour and the practices of Pole in the Emperor’s

Court. And I dare say the King's Majesty was served by the same deed; and how, my Lords of the Council know, both by my letters and declaration since I have been prisoner.

But this I shall beseech you to note in this matter that now I speak of; for that I spake before, "that successes declare suspects." Before Pole came out of Rome to go post to the Emperor, I had so good intelligence, that I knew of it and advertised that he should come, wherein I desired to know what I should do. I heard nothing. I wrote again, "He is on the sea, or else as far as Genes by land hitherward." I heard no word again. This was either because it was not believed, or else they thought it was not like that I should get the knowledge, being in Spain. I wrote again, "He is in Spain," and what I had done; for I had laboured before his coming importunately, that he should have been ordered according to the treaties. I heard yet no word. In conclusion, on my own head I did so much, that he was neither sent against, being the Bishop of Rome's legate, neither received, nor did nothing that he came for, nor rewarded, which princes use, nor accompanied out again. And besides that, I knew and advertised all his doings, and sent a copy of his own chief matters. And thus was he by my industry dispatched out of Spain smallly to his reputation or contenting: and the answer with the king, afore the letters came to me by Francis the courier, [that directed] how I should order myself in the business. This I say, hath been one of the fruits of mine intelligence with Pole; that, as God judge me, this seven year, I suppose, came no gladder news unto him than this of my trouble; and on my troth it is no small trouble unto me, that he should rejoice in it.

But to set spies over traitors, it is I think no new practice with ambassadors. He of France, that is now here, had he not, trow ye, them that knit company with Chappuis afore he was delivered here? I myself the last year at Paris appointed Welden and Swerder, two scholars there, to entertain Brauncetour, that by them I might know where he became always, for his sudden apprehension. The Bishop was made privy unto it; so was Mr. Totle. And I would have had Mason

done this, but presently afore the Bishop he refused it, alleging that he\* had once swerved from him in such a like matter. I had no warrant for all this gear, no more had the Bishop in this that I know of, other than of the authority and trust that an ambassador hath and ought to have.

Besides this, ye bring in now, that I should have this intelligence with Pole because of our opinions, that are like, and that I am papish. I think I should have more ado with a great sort in England to purge myself of suspect of a Lutheran than of a Papist. What men judge of me abroad, this may be a great token, that the King's Majesty and his Council know what hazard I was in in Spain with the Inquisition, only by speaking against the Bishop of Rome, where peradventure Bonner would not have bid such a brunt. The Emperor had much ado to save me, and yet that made me not hold my peace, when I might defend the King's deed against him, and improve his naughtiness. But in this case, good masters, ye shall [hear] fair evidence : [what] the King and his Council thought in this matter, when they demised Mason at his first examination, and for the small weight there was either against him or me. And what thing hath there happened since that was not then opened? Inquire, and ye shall find none.

But now to the other part of my accusation, touching my saying. For the love of our Lord, weigh it substantially; and yet withal, remember the naughty handling of my accusers in the other point; and in this you shall see no less maliciousness, and a great deal more falsehood.

And first let us handle the matter, as though I had so said, except only that same "falsely, maliciously, and traitorously," with all. Were it so, I had said the words ; yet it remaineth unproved : (but take it not, that I grant them, for I mean not so), but only that I had so said. Rehearse here the law of words ; declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. This includeth that words maliciously spoken, or traitorously, against the King's person should be taken for treason. It is not meant, masters, of words which despise the King lightly,

\* The bishop.

or which are not all the most reverently spoken of him, as a man should judge a chase against him at the tennis, where-with he were not all the best contented; but such words as bear an open malice; or such words as persuade commotions, or seditions, or such things. And what say my accusers in these words? Do they swear I spake them traitorously or maliciously? I dare say, they be shameless enough; yet have they not so deposed against me. Read their depositions. They say not so. Confer their depositions, if they agree word for word. That is hard, if they were examined apart, unless they had conspired more than became faithful accusers. If they disagree in words, and not in substance, let us hear the words they vary in; for in some little thing may appear the truth, which, I dare say, you seek for conscience sake. And besides that, it is a small thing in altering of one syllable either with pen or word, that may make in the conceiving of the truth much matter or error. For in this thing, "I fear," or "I trust," seemeth but one small syllable changed, and yet it maketh a great difference, and may be of an hearer wrong conceived and worse reported; and yet, worst of all, altered by an examiner. Again, "fall out," "cast out," or "left out," maketh difference; yea, and the setting of the words one in another's place may make great difference, though the words were all one, as a "mill horse," and "a horse mill." I beseech you, therefore, examine the matter under this sort; confer their several sayings together, confer the examinations upon the same matter, and I dare warrant, ye shall find misreporting and misunderstanding.

But first, for my own part, let this saying be interpreted in the highest kind of naughtiness and maliciousness; yea, and alter them most that can be, that they may be found to that purpose. This is (which God forbid should be thought of any man), that by throwing out of a cart's tail, I should mean' that vile death, that is ordained for wretched thieves. Besides this; put, that I were the naughtiest rank traitor that ever the ground bare; doth any man think that I were so foolish, so void of wit, that I would have told Bonner and Haynes, which had already lowered at my fashions, that I

would so shameful a thing to the King's Highness? Though I were, I say, so naughty a knave, and not all of the wisest, yet am I not so very a fool, though I thought so abominably, to make them privy of it with whom I had no great acquaintance, and much less trust.

But it is far from that point. Men may not be interpreted by as much as may be evil wrested and worse conjectured: there must be reason and appearance in everything; but that way there is none. But ye know, masters, it is a common proverb, “I am left out of the cart’s tail,” and it is taken upon packing gear together for carriage, that it is evil taken heed to, or negligently slips out of the cart and is lost. So upon this blessed peace, that was handled, as partly is touched before, where seemed to be union of most part of Christendom, I saw that we hung yet in suspense between the two Princes that were at war, and that neither of them would conclude with us directly against the Bishop of Rome, and that we also would not conclude else with none of them: whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb, whereby I doubted they would conclude among themselves and leave us out. And in communicating with some, peradventure, [fore]casting these perils, I might say, “I fear, for all these men’s fair promises, the King shall be left out of the cart’s tail;” and lament that many good occasions had been let slip of concluding with one of these Princes, and I think that I have used the same proverb with some in talking. But that I used [it] with Bonner or Haynes I never remember; and if I ever did, I am sure never as they couch the tale. And if I have used it with any other, I think it hath been with Blage or with Mason. Let their declarations be rehearsed, if they have been in that examined, whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb.

But consider the place and time where my accusers sayeth that I should speak it, and thereby ye shall easily perceive that either they lie and misreport the tale, or else that I can [not] speak English.

At Barcelona, say they, after we were come from Nice, and Villa Franca, and Aquas-Mortes; that was after the truce

concluded, after the meeting of the Princes ; yea, and afore that, the King's Majesty was left out of the packing indeed : whereof at Aquas-Mortes I sent him the copy of the conclusions, and chapters of the peace, wherein he was not mentioned, contrary to the Emperor's promise, and to the French King's letters. Since we knew all three the same, it is now like that after this I would use the future tense in that was past, and say, "ye shall see," and then, "if he be so, by God's blood he is well served," and then, "I would he were so." It is more like I should say, if it were spoken at Barcelona, that "he is left out of the cart's tail, and by God's blood he is well served, and I am glad of it." By this you may perceive, that either they lie in the time, and the place, or else in the reporting the thing.

But because I am wont sometime to rap out an oath in an earnest talk, look how craftily they have put in an oath to the matter, to make the matter seem mine. And because they have guarded a naughty garment of theirs with one of my naughty guards, they will swear, and face me down, that that was my garment. But bring me my garment as it was. If I said any like thing, rehearse my tale as I said it. No man can believe you, that I meant it as you construe it, or that I speak it as you allege it, or that I understand English so evil to speak so out of purpose. Therefore the time, the place, and other men's saying upon the same matter, bewray your craft and your falsehood. It well appeareth that you have a toward will to lie, but that you lacked in the matter practice or wit; for they say, "He that will lie well must have a good remembrance, that he agree in all points with himself, lest he be spied."

To you, my good masters, in this purpose, I doubt not but you see already, that in this saying, if I had so said, I meant not that naughty interpretation that no devil would have imagined upon me ; nother is proved unto you, nor one appearance thereof alleged. Besides, how unlike it is that I should so say as it is alleged : and finally, as I do grant, I might say, and as I think, I did say, that is no treason; for that I should wish or will that the King should be left out of

the comprehension ; the King himself and all the Council, that were at that time understanding in the King's affairs, know what labour and what pains I took to have his matters comprehended ; and I report me unto him and them : and some man would have thought it much to have said so much to his fellow, as I said after to the Emperor and his counsellors, charging them with that they had broken promise with the King. This was an evident sign of my will, that I would nothing less than the misgoing of the King's affairs, namely, of these that I had the handling of. If they would have proved that, they should have brought in my negligence, my slothfulness, my false handling of myself, whereby the King's matters had quailed. But I say this much, if they have quailed for lack of wit, I am excusable : let the King blame his choice, and not me. But if they have been hindered of one minute of the advancement that they might have had by my untruth, my slackness, my negligence, my pleasures, mine eases, my meat, my health ; let any of this be proved, and let it be treason unto me.

But now cometh to places, the conjectures and likelihoods that maketh proofs of mine intelligence with Pole, and of my malicious speaking of that same so disguised saying. But how can anything make a proof or a conjecture of nothing ? Ye see the principals are wiped away : what matter can the appearances make ? But yet let me answer unto them, you shall see them make for my purpose.

One and of the greatest is this : "Wyatt grudged at his first putting in the Tower ; *ergo*, say they, he bare malice in his heart ; and it is like that he sought intelligence with Pole ; and also he wished the King's affairs to miscarry, because he would one day or other be revenged." Peradventure my accusers frame not their argument so much apparent against me : but let us examine every point thereof. "Wyatt grudged at his first putting into the Tower." If they take grudging for being sorry, or grieving, I will not stick with them, I grant it, and so I think it would do to any here. But if they use that word "grudging," including a desire to revenge, I say they lie, I never so grudged ; nor they nor any other man

can either prove that, or make a likelihood of a proof thereof. Mason saith he hath heard me complain thereof. What then? Doth Mason say, that thereby he reckoned, I meant revenging, bearing malice in my heart? I know him so well that he will not so interpret complaining or moaning to revenging.

But here come my other two honest men, and they say that I should say, “God’s blood, the King set me in the Tower, and afterward sent me for his ambassador: was not this I pray you a pretty way to get me credit?” as they say, I should think. Nay put it, that I had spoken so like an idiot, as they seem to make me by this tale: what grudging or revenging findeth any for my putting into the Tower in this saying? Is here any threatening? Is here any grudging? Yea, and that it is far from my nature to study to revenge, it may appear by the many great despites and displeasures that I have had done unto me, which yet at this day is no man alive that can say that ever I did hurt him for revenging: and in this case yet much less; for it is so far from my desire to revenge, that I never imputed to the King’s Highness my imprisonment: and hereof can Mr Lieutenant here present testify, to whom I did ever impute it. Yea, and further, my Lord of Suffolk himself can tell, that I imputed it to him; and not only at the beginning, but even the very night before my apprehension now last: what time (I remember) my suing unto him for his favour to remit his old undeserved evil will, and to remember, “like as he was a mortal man, so as to bear no immortal hate in his breast.” Although I had received the injury at his hand, let him say whether this be true.

But what is there here in this article of my fashion? Mark it, I pray you, that here again they have guarded my tale with an oath, because it should seem mine. But let them be examined that have heard me talk of that matter, whereof they seem to tear a piece or two, and patch them together; as if a man should take one of my doublet sleeves, and one of my coat, and sew them together after a disguised fashion, and then say, “Look, I pray you, what apparel Wyatt weareth.” I say, let other men be examined, and ye shall find, that

after I came out of the Tower in the commotion time,\* that I was appointed to go against the King's rebels, and did (until I was countermanded) as speedily and as well furnished as I was well able: that after, I was made Sheriff of Kent for a special confidence in such a busy time: that after that again, I was sent the King's Ambassador. I have divers times boasted thereof, and taken it for a great declaration of my truth, for all my putting in the Tower, the confidence and the credit the King had in me after: and of this, peradventure, they have maliciously perverted some piece of my tale, if they perchance were there present, or heard of it. And it may easily appear; for their own saying is, that I should say, "Was not this, I pray you, a pretty way to get me credit?" How think ye, masters? I suppose it was a way to get me credit. Trow ye, that any man could think, that I should think it was not a way to get me credit? It gat me so much credit that I am in debt, yet in debt for it. Mark, I beseech you, how this gear hangeth together. This is one of their proofs that I grudged at my last putting in the Tower; which, if by grudging they mean revenging, you see how substantially that is proved: and if by grudging they mean moaning, they need not prove it; I grant it. Will any man then, that hath honesty, wit, or discretion, gather, that because I bemoaned my imprisonment, that, therefore, I bear malice and would revenge? Will any man that hath Christian charity and any conscience, upon such a malicious gathering, frame an accusation upon a man's life? Doth any man that hath any perceiving, see not the malice of these men? If there be any of you that doth not, I bind myself, ere my tale be done, to let you see it in great letters.

But unto this they add withal, that I should wish the King had sent me to Newgate when he sent me ambassador.

I confess frankly, I never begged the office; and, but for the obedience to my master, I would have utterly refused it. And how I excused the taking of it, my Lords of the Council can bear me record, as well for that I knew my own inability,

\* He alludes to the insurrection of the northern counties in 1537 during Cromwell's administration.

whereby I should be wondrously accumbered, for that I was given to a more pleasant kind of life. My cumbrance I found again when I had great matters in hand, meddling with wise men, had no counsel but my own foolish head, a great zeal that the King might be well served by me, a great fear lest anything should quail through my fault. This solicitude, this care troubled me. Mason, Blage, Mr Hobby, Mr Dudley, and other that were with me can testify, yea, and my letters oft-times hither, that I wished a meeter man than myself in the room; yea, and that I had been at the plough on that condition. But I never remember, in good faith, that I should in that matter name Newgate. But if I had so said (although it had been foolishly spoken) what proveth this malice, to revenging for my being in the Tower? Would he, trow ye, that would revenge, wish himself in Newgate? is it not like this matter? A man would think rather, he being an ambassador might do more despite toward the King. There he might play the false knave, and discover, and make mis-relation, and such parts.

But what thing is that, that these men would not wrest for their purpose, that wrest such things? They found fault, that I did not them the honour that belonged to the King's ambassadors. I lent not them my horse, when they went out of Barcelona, nor I did not accompany them on the way.

First I report me to my servants, whereof some of them are gentlemen, [and] right honest men; to their own servants; yea, and let them answer themselves. Did ye not sit always at the upper end of the table? Went ye abroad at any time together, but that either the one or the other was on my right hand? Came any man to visit me, whom I made not do ye reverence, and visit ye too? Had ye not in the galley the most and best commodious places? Had any man a worse than I? Where ye were charged with a groat, was not I charged with five? Was not I for all this first in the commission? Was not I ambassador resident? A better man than either of ye both should have gone without that honour that I did you, if he had looked for it. I know no man that did you dishonour, but your unmannerly behaviour, that

made ye a laughing stock to all men that came in your company, and me sometime to sweat for shame to see you. Yet let other judge how I hid and covered your faults. But I have not to do to charge you; I will not spend the time about it.

But mark, I pray you, I lent not them my horses; they never desired to go into the town, to walk or stir out of their lodging, but they had mule, or horse, or both ready for them, foot-cloth, and harnessed with velvet of the best that I had for mule or hackney. Marry, it was thought indeed amongst us, that Bonner could have been content to have been upon a genet with gilt harness. These men came in post, and went again in post at their parting. My servants had gotten their post-horses ready; would they have had without necessity my horse to have ridden post? I brought them to their horse. Would they, I should have accompanied them riding in post? Children would not have played the fool so notably. Was not this a pretty article toward treason to be alleged against me by Bonner. Some man might think, that hereby a man might perceive the malice that hath moved my trouble; but yet it shall be more manifest.

Another occasion there is, that I should say, "They were more meet to be parish priests than ambassadors." By my truth, I never liked them indeed for ambassadors; and no more did the most part of them that saw them, and namely they that had to do with them. But that did I not [talk], on my faith, with no stranger. But if I said they were meeter to be parish priests, on my faith I never remember it; and it is not like I should so say; for as far as I could see, neither of them both had greatly any fancy to mass, and that, ye know, were requisite for a parish priest; for this can all that were there report, that not one of them all, while they were there, said mass, or offered to hear mass, [as] though it was but a superstition. I say, both Mason and I, because of the name that Englishmen then had, to be all Lutherans, were fain to entreat them that we might sometimes shew ourselves in the Church together, that men

conceived not an evil opinion of us. Let Mason be asked of this. It was not like then, that the Bishop of London should sue to have the Scripture in English taken out of the Church.

But I have not to do withal; I must here answer to interrogatories, that upon this occasion belike were ministered against me. Whether he thought that I could be a good subject, that misliketh or repugneth his prince's proceedings? I say here, as I said unto it, as far as misliking or repugning includeth violent disobedience or seditious persuasion, I think, he is no good subject; but to mislike a building, a choice of an ambassador, or the making of a law, obeying yet nevertheless, or such things proceeding, although peradventure it may be done out of time and place, yet I think, it may be without hurt of allegiance: unless there be a law made to the contrary, which I know not. What say I then to the law of words, which Mason should say, that me thought very hard, and that the first devisers were well served in falling into it, which he thinketh I meant by the Lord Rocheford or the Lord of Essex? This, and if it were offence, it is uncertain by his own saying; and yet I never remember, I said so unto him. But what is it to treason? Do I maintain against the law? do I persuade any violence against the law? it rather includeth allowance of the law, if they were well served, that they suffered for offending in that.

Again, saith Mason, that I should say unto him, "That it was a goodly Act, the Act of Supreme Head, speciously the King's Majesty being so virtuous, so wise, so learned, and so good a prince: but if it should fall into an evil prince, that it were a sore rod." I suppose I have not missaid in that: For all powers, namely absolute, are sore rods when they fall into evil men's hands; and yet I say, they are to be obeyed by express law of [God]; for that there is no evil prince, but for desert of the people; and no hand over an evil prince but the hand of God. This, upon examining of so many men as have been familiar with me, among whom some words might have escaped me, and sucked out of both of them and of me with

such interrogatories; yet is nothing found of me of treason. Yea, and when there is any toward my master within this heart, a sharp sword go thither withal.

But because I bound myself to make this malice of my accusers to appear manifest unto you, let me come to another point of their accusing, which was, by Bonner's letters to the Earl of Essex, that I lived viciously among the Nuns of Barcelona.

To the end ye be fully persuaded and informed of that matter, there be many men in the town, and most of them [gentlemen], which walk upon their horses, and here and there talk with those ladies; and when they will, go and sit, company together with them, talking in their chambers. Earls, Lords, Dukes, use the same, and I among them. I used not the pastime in company of ruffians, but with such, or with ambassadors of [Ferrara], of Mantua, of Venice, a man of sixty years old, and such vicious company.

I pray you now, let me turn my tale to Bonner; for this riseth of him, yea, and so (I think) doth all the rest: for his crafty malice, I suppose in my conscience, abuseth the other's simpleness.

Come on now, my Lord of London, what is my abominable and vicious living? Do ye know it, or have ye heard it? I grant I do not profess chastity; but yet I use not abomination. If ye know it, tell it here, with whom and when. If ye heard it, who is your author? Have you seen me have any harlot in my house whilst ye were in my company? Did you ever see woman so much as dine, or sup at my table? None, but for your pleasure, the woman that was in the galley; which I assure you may be well seen; for, before you came, neither she nor any other came above the mast. But because the gentlemen took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your looks, your carving to Madonna, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table. Ask Mason, ask Blage (Bowes is dead), ask Wolf, that was my steward; they can tell how the gentlemen marked it, and talked of it. It was a play to them, the keeping of your bottles, that no man

might drink of but yourself; and “That the little fat priest were a jolly morsel for the Signora.” This was their talk; it is not my devise: ask other, whether I do lie. But turn to my own part.

What, think you, this man meant sincerely to accuse me of treason, when he seeketh the conjectures to prove my treason by my moaning the first imprisonment, by not lending my horse (wherein also he lieth), by not accompanying him out of town, by misliking them for Ambassadors, and by my vicious living with Nuns. This man thought rather to defame me, than sincerely to accuse me. Like as, I trust, ye will not condemn me for conjectures and likelihoods, and namely so out of all appearance, although you hear them. Likewise, I pray you, give me leave to show you my conjecture and likelihoods upon these things, and then guess whether I go nearer the truth: and yet I desire not by them to be absolved, so that by the other I be not also condemned.

The Earl of Essex belike desired Bonner to be a spy over me, and to advertise him; he thinking that if he might wipe me out of that room, that himself might come to it, as indeed the man is desirous of honour; and for my part I would he had it without envy. That this might be a practice of the Earl of Essex, I think, toward me, not meaning for any treason, but to find whether it were true that I did so good service as was reported, I know by myself; for so would he have had me done for him toward my Lord of Winchester, then being Ambassador in France; and I suppose my said Lord could tell, by Bonner’s means and one Barnaby, what a tragedy and a suspect they stirred against him. Well, all this is reconciled. But yet, I say, it is the likelier that he would take that office toward me, that used it to another; and then, conceiving in his mind (and that as God judge me, falsely) that I had letted him in Spain, that he had no reward of the Emperor, conceived therewithal a malice; and by some inkling that he had, that I disliked his fashion; and upon this he hath built this ungodly work that ye see, that standeth all by invention, conjectures, likelihoods, stretched, wrested, and drawn out of all (God forbode) without any proof at all.

This far I have had to say upon the foundation and rearing of this accusation against me; and I do not mistrust your wisdom never a whit, but like as ye weigh the chief principles, so weigh ye little these horrible and slanderous words, that of ordinary learned men use both in their indictments and accusations, as at the beginning I declared them to satisfy your conscience; but a great deal better to satisfy your minds, I touched afore, that this matter two years past was afore the Council, Mason in hold detained, and all this rehearsed, and he dismissed. I heard thereof, and sued to come home for my declaration. After I came home, I was in hand with the Earl of Essex for that he desired me to let it pass. “I was cleared well enough;” and he told me much of this thing, that I have in the matter rehearsed. If this were not sufficient to satisfy your conscience, then take more with you.

Within six months after that I came home, so far unlike was it, that any of these gear, both then known, examined, and dismissed, should be taken for treason, that I was sent again Ambassador to the Emperor at his coming into France, and the King’s Grace had rewarded me with a good piece of lands, above my deserving. And then it was said unto me, “I was used for the necessity,” yea, and my instrument of my treasons was sent with me, Mr Mason. I came home in the beginning of the last summer. I ran not away at none of all these goings over. All this while, till now, there hath been no question of this reckoning. If anything of new be against me, which is not alleged, if it be nothing but this, it hath been tried and dismissed. You see what evidence the counsellors gave against me. The confidence put in my affairs is for you to acquit me. And it is a naughty fear (if any man have any such) to think a quest dare not acquit a man of treason when they think him clear; for it were a foul slander to the King’s Majesty. God be thanked, he is no tyrant: he will no such things against men’s conscience: he will but his laws, and his laws with mercy. What displeasure bare he to the Lords for the acquitting the Lord Dacres? Never none; nor will not unto you, if you do as your conscience leads you. And for a great cause: the law ministereth be-

twixt the King and his subject an oath to the quest in favour of the subject, for it supposeth more favour to be borne to the Prince than to the party, if the oath bound not Christian men's conscience.

Thus much I thought to say unto you before God and man to discharge me, that I seem not to perish in my own fault, for lack of declaring my truth; and afore God and all these men, I charge you with my innocent truth, that in case (as God defend) ye be guilty of mine innocent blood, that ye before His tribunal shall be inexcusable. And for conclusion, our Lord put in your hearts to pronounce upon me according as I have willed to the King, my Master and Sovereign, in heart, will, and wish.

T. W.



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## WYATT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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### SONGS AND SONNETS.

---

#### THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

THE long love that in my thought I harbour,  
And in my heart doth keep his residence,  
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,  
And there campeth displaying his banner.  
She that me learns to love and to suffer,  
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence.  
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,  
With his hardiness takes displeasure.

Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,  
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,      10  
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.  
What may I do, when my master feareth,  
But in the field with him to live and die?  
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

---

#### THE LOVER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DIE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,  
Nor never shall while that my life doth last;  
But of hating myself, that date is past,

And tears continual sore have me wearied.      4  
I will not yet in my grave be buried;  
Nor on my tomb your name have fixed fast,  
As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon haste  
From th' unhappy bones, by great sighs stirred.  
Then if an heart of amorous faith and will  
Content your mind withouten doing grief;      10  
Please it you so, to this to do relief:  
If otherwise you seek for to fulfil  
Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you ween;  
And you yourself the cause thereof have been.

---

THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY,  
AND INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet half so well yfiled,  
To file a file for any smith's intent,  
As I was made a filing instrument,  
To frame other, while that I was beguiled:  
But reason, lo, hath at my folly smiled,  
And pardoned me, since that I me repent  
Of my lost years, and of my time misspent.  
For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.  
Yet, this trust I have of great apparence,  
Since that deceit is aye returnable,      10  
Of very force it is agreeable,  
That therewithal be done the recompense:  
Then guile beguiled plained should be never;  
And the reward is little trust for ever.

---

## THE LOVER DESCRIBETH

HIS BEING STRICKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

THE lively sparks that issue from those eyes,  
 Against the which there vaileth no defence,  
 Have pierced my heart, and done it none offence,  
 With quaking pleasure more than once or twice.  
 Was never man could anything devise,  
 Sunbeams to turn with so great vehemence  
 To daze man's sight, as by their bright presence  
 Dazed am I; much like unto the guise  
 Of one stricken with dint of lightening,  
 Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there; 10  
 So call I for help, I not<sup>1</sup> when nor where,  
 The pain of my fall patiently bearing:  
 For straight after the blaze, as is no wonder,  
 Of deadly noise hear I the fearful thunder.

---

THE WAVERING LOVER WILLETH,  
AND DREADETH TO MOVE HIS DESIRE.

SUCH vain thought as wonted to mislead me  
 In desert hope, by well assured moan,  
 Makes me from company to live alone,  
 In following her whom reason bids me flee.  
 She fleeth as fast by gentle cruelty;  
 And after her my heart would fain be gone;  
 But armed sighs my way do stop anon,  
 'Twixt hope and dread locking my liberty;  
 Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow 10  
 One beam of ruth is in her cloudy look:  
 Which comforteth the mind, that erst for fear shook:

<sup>1</sup> 'Not:' know not.

That bolded<sup>1</sup> straight the way then seek I how 12  
 To utter forth the smart I bide within;  
 But such it is, I not<sup>2</sup> how to begin.

---

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING  
 OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM  
 IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

UNSTABLE dream! according to the place,  
 Be steadfast once, or else at least be true:  
 By tasted sweetness make me not to rue  
 The sudden loss of thy false, feigned grace.  
 By good respect, in such a dangerous case,  
 Thou broughtst not her into these tossing seas,  
 But madest my sprite to live, my care t' encrease,  
 My body in tempest her delight t' embrace.  
 The body dead, the sprite had his desire;  
 Painless was th' one, th' other in delight. 10  
 Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,  
 But thus return to leap into the fire;  
 And where it was at wish, could not remain?  
 Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

---

THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY  
 LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY,  
 WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE that in love find luck and sweet abundance,  
 And live in lust and joyful jollity,  
 Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy:  
 Arise, I say, do May some observance.  
 Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance; 5

<sup>1</sup> 'Bolded:' emboldened.—<sup>2</sup> 'Not:' know not.

Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,  
 That me betide in May most commonly;  
 As one whom love list little to advance.  
 Stephan<sup>1</sup> said true, that my nativity  
 Mischanced was with the ruler of May.  
 He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.  
 In May my wealth, and eke my wits, I say,  
 Have stond so oft in such perplexity:  
 Joy, let me dream of your felicity.

---

### THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOVE WITH PHYLLIS.

If waker<sup>2</sup> care; if sudden pale colour;  
 If many sighs with little speech to plain:  
 Now joy, now woe, if they my chere<sup>3</sup> distain;  
 For hope of small, if much to fear therefore;  
 To haste or slack, my pace to less, or more,  
 Be sign of love, then do I love again.  
 If thou ask whom; sure, since I did refrain  
 Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,  
 Th' unfeigned cheer of Phyllis hath the place  
 That Brunet had; she hath, and ever shall.      10  
 She from myself now hath me in her grace;  
 She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.  
 My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,  
 Without whose help scant do I live a day.

---

### OF OTHERS' FEIGNED SORROW, AND THE LOVER'S FEIGNED MIRTH.

CÆSAR, when that the traitor of Egypt  
 With th' honourable head did him present,

<sup>1</sup> 'Stephan:' an astrologer.—<sup>2</sup> 'Waker:' wakeful.—<sup>3</sup> 'Chere,' the expression of the countenance.

Covering his heart's gladness, did represent  
 Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.  
 Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshyt<sup>1</sup>  
 Clean from his reign, and from all his intent,  
 Laugh'd to his folk, whom sorrow did torment,  
 His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.

So chanced me, that every passion  
 The mind hideth by colour contrary,  
 With feigned visage, now sad, now merry;  
 Whereby if that I laugh at any season,

It is because I have none other way  
 To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

### OF CHANGE IN MIND.

EACH man me tell'th I change of my devise;  
 And on my faith, methink it good reason  
 To change purpose, like after the season.  
 For in each case to keep still one guise,  
 Is meet for them that would be taken wise;  
 And I am not of such manner condition;  
 But treated after a diverse fashion;  
 And thereupon my diverseness doth rise.

But you, this diverseness that blamen most,  
 Change you no more, but still after one rate  
 Treat you me well, and keep you in that state;  
 And while with me doth dwell this wearied ghost,

My word, nor I, shall not be variable,  
 But always one; your own both firm and stable.

### HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS THE FLY IN THE FIRE.

SOME fowls there be that have so perfect sight,  
 Against the sun their eyes for to defend;

<sup>1</sup> 'Outshyt:' outshut.

And some, because the light doth them offend,      8  
 Never appear but in the dark or night:  
 Other rejoice to see the fire so bright,  
 And ween<sup>1</sup> to play in it, as they pretend,  
 But find contrary of it, that they intend,  
 Alas! of that sort may I be by right;  
 For to withstand her look I am not able;      10  
 Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;  
 So followeth me remembrance of that face,  
 That with my teary eyen, swoln, and unstable,  
 My destiny to behold her doth me lead;  
 And yet I know I run into the glead.<sup>2</sup>

---

### AGAINST HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO UTTER HIS SUITS.

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro' lies and blame,  
 And to my power always thee honoured,  
 Unkind tongue! to ill hast thou me rend'red,  
 For such desert to do me wreke and shame.  
 In need of succour most when that I am,  
 To ask reward, thou stand'st like one afraid:  
 Alway most cold, and if one word be said,  
 As in a dream, unperfect is the same.  
 And ye salt tears, against my will each night  
 That are with me, when I would be alone;      10  
 Then are ye gone when I should make my moan:  
 And ye so ready sighs to make me shright.<sup>3</sup>  
 Then are ye slack when that ye should outstart;  
 And only doth my look declare my heart.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ween:' imagine.—<sup>2</sup> 'Glead:' fire; spelt also *glede*, *gleid*, or *gleed*.  
<sup>3</sup> 'Shright:' shriek.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOVER.

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done;  
 I fear and hope; I burn, and freeze like ice;  
 I fly aloft, yet can I not arise;  
 And nought I have, and all the world I seize on;  
 That locks nor looseth, holdeth me in prison,  
 And holds me not, yet can I 'scape no wise:  
 Nor letteth me live, nor die, at my devise,  
 And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  
 Without eye I see; without tongue I plain:  
 I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;                      10  
 I love another, and I hate myself;  
 I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.  
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,  
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

## THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA.

My galley charged with forgetfulness,  
 Through sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass  
 'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,  
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelty:  
 And every oar, a thought in readiness,  
 As though that death were light in such a case;  
 An endless wind doth tear the sail apace  
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness;  
 A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
 Have done the wearied cords great hinderance:    10  
 Wreathed with error, and with ignorance;

The stars be hid that lead me to this pain;      12  
 Drown'd is reason that should be my comfort,  
 And I remain, despairing of the port.

---

## OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

AVISING<sup>1</sup> the bright beams of those fair eyes,  
 Where he abides that mine oft moistens and washeth;  
 The wearied mind straight from the heart departeth,  
 To rest within his worldly paradise,  
 And bitter finds the sweet, under his guise.  
 What webs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth:  
 Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,  
 That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.  
 In such extremity thus is he brought:  
 Frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame:      10  
 'Twixt woe and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,  
 With seldom glad, and many a diverse thought,  
 In sore repentance of his hardness,  
 Of such a root, lo, cometh fruit fruitless.

---

## THE LOVER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE.

MY love to scorn, my service to retain,  
 Therein, methought, you used cruelty;  
 Since with good will I lost my liberty,  
 To follow her which causeth all my pain.<sup>2</sup>  
 Might never woe yet cause me to refrain;  
 But only this, which is extremity,  
 To give me nought, alas, nor to agree  
 That, as I was, your man I might remain:

<sup>1</sup> 'Avising:' observing, looking earnestly upon.—<sup>2</sup> This line is supplied in Nott's edition from the Devonshire MS.

But since that thus ye list to order me, 9  
 That would have been your servant true and fast;  
 Displease you not, my doting time is past;  
 And with my loss to leave I must agree:  
 [For as there is a certain time to rage,  
 So is there time such madness to assuage.]

---

### TO HIS LADY,

#### CRUEL OVER HER YIELDING LOVER.

SUCH is the course that nature's kind hath wrought,  
 That snakes have time to cast away their stings :  
 Against chain'd prisoners what need defence be sought ?  
 The fierce lion will hurt no yielden things :  
 Why should such spite be nursed then in thy thought ?  
 Sith all these powers are prest<sup>1</sup> under thy wings ;  
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,  
 What mischief malice many ways it brings :  
 Consider eke, that spite availeth nought.  
 Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings : 10  
 Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought,  
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs :  
 For furies that in hell be execrable,  
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

---

### HOW UNPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FIND QUIET IN LOVE.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming,  
 Désire increasing, aye my hope uncertain,  
 With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain ;  
 For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.

<sup>1</sup> 'Prest:' ready.

Alas! the snow black shall it be and scalding,  
 The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountain,  
 The Thames shall back return into his fountain,  
 And where he rose the sun shall take lodging,  
 Ere I in this find peace or quietness ;  
 Or that Love, or my Lady, right-wisely,  
 Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.  
 And if I have, after such bitterness,  
 One drop of sweet, my mouth is out of taste,  
 That all my trust and travail is but waste.

---

### OF LOVE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOVER'S MIND.

LOVE, Fortune, and my mind which do remember  
 Eke that is now, and that, that once hath ben,  
 Torment my heart so sore, that very often  
 I hate and envy them beyond all measure.  
 Love slayeth mine heart, while Fortune is depriver.  
 Of all my comfort; the foolish mind then  
 Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldom  
 Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure  
 My pleasant days they fleet and pass;  
 And daily doth mine ill change to the worse :      10  
 While more than the half is run of my course.  
 Alas, not of steel, but of brittle glass,  
     I see that from my hand falleth my trust,  
     And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

---

### THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFFERED HEART TO BE RECEIVED.

How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,  
 With my great pain to get some peace or truce,

Given you my heart; but you do not use  
In so high things, to cast your mind so low.  
If any other look for it, as you trow,  
Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse:  
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse;  
It was once mine, it can no more be so.  
If you it chafe, that it in you can find,  
In this exile, no manner of comfort,  
Nor live alone, nor where he is called resort;  
He may wander from his natural kind.  
So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,  
And yours the loss, and mine the deadly pain.

## THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS.

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains  
So is my painful life, the burden of ire;  
For high be they, and high is my desire;  
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains:  
Under craggy rocks they have barren plains;  
Hard thoughts in me my woful mind doth tire:  
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,  
With small effect great trust in me remains:  
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast;  
Hot sighs in me continually be shed: 10  
Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed;  
Unmovable am I, and they steadfast.  
Of singing birds they have the tune and note;  
And I always plaints passing through my throat.

## CHARGING OF HIS LOVE AS UNPITEOUS AND LOVING OTHER.

If amorous faith, an heart unfeigned,  
 A sweet langour, a great lovely desire,  
 If honest will kindled in gentle fire,  
 If long error in a blind maze chained,  
 If in my visage each thought distained,  
 Or if my sparkling voice, lower, or higher,  
 Which fear and shame so wofully doth tire;  
 If a pale colour, which love hath stained,  
 If to have another than myself more dear,  
 If wailing or sighing continually,      10  
 With sorrowful anger feeding busily,  
 If burning far off, and if freezing near,  
 Are cause that I by love myself destroy,  
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

---

## THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.

My heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,  
 But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken.  
 I served thee, not that I should be forsaken;  
 But, that I should receive reward again,  
 I was content thy servant to remain;  
 And not to be repayed on this fashion.  
 Now, since in thee there is none other reason,  
 Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.  
 Unsatiate of my woe, and thy desire;  
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:      10  
 But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,  
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.

For he that doth believe bearing in hand,<sup>1</sup>      13  
 Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

---

### THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS STATE.

1 THE flaming sighs that boil within my breast,  
 Sometime break forth, and they can well declare  
 The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,  
 The pain thereof, the grief, and all the rest.  
 The water'd eyen from whence the tears do fall,  
 Do feel some force, or else they would be dry ;  
 The wasted flesh of colour dead can try,  
 And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall :  
 And he that lust to see, and to discern  
 How care can force within a wearied mind,  
 Come he to me, I am that place assign'd :  
 But for all this, no force, it doth no harm ;  
 The wound, alas, hap in some other place,  
 From whence no tool away the scar can raze.

2 But you, that of such like have had your part,  
 Can best be judge. Wherefore, my friend so dear,  
 I thought it good my state should now appear  
 To you, and that there is no great desert.  
 And whereas you, in weighty matters great,  
 Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,  
 For trifling things I now am stricken so,  
 That though I feel my heart doth wound and beat,  
 I sit alone, save on the second day  
 My fever comes, with whom I spend my time  
 In burning heat, while that she list assign.

<sup>1</sup> 'Believe bearing in hand :' who believes after being deceived.

And who hath health and liberty alway,  
 Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,  
 To have the like of this my painful stroke.

---

### THE LOVER LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HIS LOVE.

THE pillar perish'd is whereto I leant,  
 The strongest stay of mine unquiet mind ;  
 The like of it no man again can find,  
 From east to west still seeking though he went ;  
 To mine unhappy ; for hap away hath rent  
 Of all my joy the very bark and rind :  
 And I, alas ! by chance am thus assign'd  
 Daily to mourn, till death do it relent.  
 But since that thus it is by destiny,  
 What can I more but have a woful heart ;      10  
 My pen in plaint, my voice in careful cry,  
 My mind in woe, my body full of smart ;  
 And I myself, myself always to hate,  
 Till dreadful death do ease my doleful state.

---

### A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever ;  
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more :  
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,  
 To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour ;  
 In blind erroûr when I did persèver,  
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,  
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store ;  
 But 'scaped forth thence, since liberty is lever :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Lever : ' dearer.

Therefore, farewell, go trouble younger hearts, 9  
 And in me claim no more authority;  
 With idle youth go use thy property,<sup>1</sup>  
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darts:  
 For, hitherto though I have lost my time,  
 Me list no longer rotten boughs to clime.

---

THE LOVER DESPAIRING TO ATTAIN  
 UNTO HIS LADY'S GRACE, RELINQUISHETH THE PURSUIT.  
 Whoso list to hunt? I know where is an hind?  
 But as for me, alas! I may no more,  
 The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;  
 I am of them that furthest come behind.  
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind,  
 Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore me,  
 Fainting I follow; I leave off therefore,  
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.  
 Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,  
 As well as I, may spend his time in vain!  
 And graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
 There is written her fair neck round about;  
 'Noli me tangere; for Cæsar's I am,  
 And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.' 10

---

THE DESERTED LOVER CONSOLETH  
 HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE THAT ALL WOMEN ARE  
 BY NATURE FICKLE.

DIVERS doth use, as I have heard and know,  
 When that to change their ladies do begin  
 To mourn, and wail, and never for to lynn;<sup>2</sup>  
 Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.

<sup>1</sup> 'Property:' powers or qualities.—<sup>2</sup> 'Lynn:' cease, stop.

And some there be that when it chanceth so      5  
 That women change, and hate where love hath been,  
 They call them false, and think with words to win  
 The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.  
 But as for me, though that by chance indeed  
 Change hath outworn the favour that I had,  
 I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,  
 Nor call her false that falsely did me feed;  
 But let it pass, and think it is of kind  
 That often change doth please a woman's mind.

---

THAT HOPE UNSATISFIED IS TO THE  
 LOVER'S HEART AS A PROLONGED DEATH.

I ABIDE, and abide; and better abide,  
 After the old proverb, the happy day.  
 And ever my lady to me doth say,  
 'Let me alone, and I will provide.'  
 I abide, and abide, and tarry the tide,  
 And with abiding speed well ye may.  
 Thus do I abide I wot alway,  
 N' other obtaining, nor yet denied.  
 Aye me! this long abiding  
 Seemeth to me, as who sayeth      10  
 A prolonging of a dying death,  
 Or a refusing of a desired thing.  
 Much were it better for to be plain,  
 Than to say, 'Abide,' and yet not obtain.

---

HE PRAYETH HIS LADY TO BE TRUE;  
 FOR NO ONE CAN RESTRAIN A WILLING MIND.

THOUGH I myself be bridled of my mind,  
 Returning me backward by force express;

If thou seek honour, to keep thy promess  
Who may thee hold, but thou thyself unbind?  
Sigh then no more, since no way man may find  
Thy virtue to let, though that frowardness  
Of Fortune me holdeth; and yet as I may guess  
Though other be present thou art not all behind.  
Suffice it then that thou be ready there  
At all hours; still under the defence  
Of Time, Truth, and Love to save thee from offence.  
Crying I burn in a lovely desire,  
With my dear mistress that may not follow;  
Whereby mine absence turneth me to sorrow.

# THE DESERTED LOVER

WISHETH THAT HIS RIVAL MIGHT EXPERIENCE THE SAME  
FORTUNE HE HIMSELF HAD TASTED.

To rail or jest, ye know I use it not;  
Though that such cause sometime in folks I find.  
And though to change ye list to set your mind,  
Love it who list, in faith I like it not.  
And if ye were to me, as ye are not,  
I would be loth to see you so unkind:  
But since your fault must needs be so by kind;  
Though I hate it I pray you love it not.  
Things of great weight I never thought to crave,  
This is but small; of right deny it not: 10  
Your feigning ways, as yet forget them not.  
But like reward let other lovers have;  
That is to say, for service true and fast,  
Too long delays, and changing at the last.

## RONDEAUX.

REQUEST TO CUPID FOR REVENGE OF  
HIS UNKIND LOVE.

BEHOLD, Love! thy power how she despiseth;  
My grievous pain how little she regardeth:  
The solemn oath, whereof she takes no cure,  
Broken she hath, and yet she bideth sure,  
Right at her ease, and little thee she dreadeth:

Weaponed thou art, and she unarmèd sitteth:  
To thee disdainful, all her life she leadeth;  
To me spiteful, without just cause or measure:  
Behold, Love, how proudly she triumpheth.

I am in hold, but if thee pity moveth,  
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,  
And with some stroke revenge the displeasure  
Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure,  
And, as his lord, thee lowly here entreateth.

Behold, Love!

10

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE  
UNREQUITED.

WHAT 'vaileth truth, or by it to take pain?  
To strive by steadfastness for to attain  
How to be just, and flee from doubleness?  
Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,  
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.

Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign:  
True meaning heart is had in high disdain.  
Against deceit and cloakèd doubleness,

What 'vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness?

Deceived is he by false and crafty train,<sup>1</sup> *(deceit)*  
 That means no guile, and faithful doth remain  
 Within the trap, without help or redress:  
 But for to love, lo, such a stern mistress,  
 Where cruelty dwells, alas, it were in vain.

What 'vaileth truth!

### THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHES TO MOVE HIS SUIT.

Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen heart,  
 To break the ice, which pity's painful dart  
 Might never pierce: and if that mortal prayer

In heaven be heard, at least yet I desire  
 That death, or mercy, end my woful smart.

Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,  
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start,  
 And leave me then in rest, I you require.  
 Go, burning sighs! fulfil that I desire,

I must go work, I see, by craft and art,      10  
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart:  
 Alas, I cannot therefore now assail her,  
 With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,  
 That from my breast deceivably doth start.

Go, burning sighs!

### THE LOVER SEEKING FOR HIS LOST HEART

PRAYETH THAT IT MAY BE KINDLY ENTREATED  
BY WHOMSOEVER FOUND.

1 HELP me to seek! for I lost it there;  
 And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,

<sup>1</sup> 'Train : ' Deceit.

And seek to convey it secretly,  
 Handle it soft, and treat it tenderly,  
 Or else it will plain, and then appair.<sup>1</sup>  
 But pray restore it mannerly,  
 Since that I do ask it thus honestly,  
 For to lese it, it sitteth me near;  
 Help me to seek!

2 Alas! and is there no remedy:  
 But have I thus lost it wilfully.  
 I wis it was a thing all too dear  
 To be bestowed, and wist not where.  
 It was mine heart! I pray you heartily  
 Help me to seek.

---

### HE DETERMINETH TO CEASE TO LOVE.

For to love her for her looks lovely,  
 My heart was set in thought right firmly,  
 Trusting by truth to have had redress;  
 But she hath made another promess,  
 And hath given me leave full honestly.  
 Yet do I not rejoice it greatly;  
 For on my faith I loved too surely,  
 But reason will that I do cesse,  
 For to love her.

Since (that in love the pains been deadly,)      10  
 Methink it best that readily  
 I do return to my first address;  
 For at this time too great is the press,  
 And perils appear too abundantly,  
 For to love her.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Appair:’ Decay.

OF THE FOLLY OF LOVING WHEN THE  
SEASON OF LOVE IS PAST.

YE old mule! that think yourself so fair,  
Leave off with craft your beauty to repair,  
For it is time without any fable;  
No man setteth now by riding in your saddle!  
Too much travail so do your train appair;

Ye old mule!

With false favour though you deceive th'ayes,<sup>1</sup>  
Whoso taste you shall well perceive your layes  
Savoureth somewhat of a keeper's stable;

Ye old mule!

Ye must now serve to market, and to fair,  
All for the burthen, for panniers a pair;  
For since grey hairs ben powder'd in your sable,  
The thing ye seek for, you must yourself enable  
To purchase it by payment and by prayer;

Ye old mule!

10

THE ABUSED LOVER RESOLVETH TO  
FORGET HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

WHAT no, perdie! ye may be sure!  
Think not to make me to your lure,  
With words and chere so contrarying,  
Sweet and sour countre-weighing,  
Too much it were still to endure.  
Truth is tried, where craft is in ure,<sup>2</sup>  
But though ye have had my heart's cure,  
Trow ye I dote without ending?

What no, perdie!

<sup>1</sup> 'Th'ayes:' eyes.—<sup>2</sup> 'In ure:' in use.

Though that with pain I do procure  
 For to forget that once was pure;  
 Within my heart shall still that thing  
 Unstable, unsure, and wavering,  
 Be in my mind without recure?  
 What no, perdie!

---

10

## THE ABSENT LOVER PERSUADETH

HIMSELF THAT HIS MISTRESS WILL NOT HAVE  
 THE POWER TO FORSAKE HIM.

If it be so that I forsake thee,  
 As banished from thy company;  
 Yet my heart, my mind, and my affection,  
 Shall still remain in thy perfection,  
 And right as thou list so order me.  
 But some would say in their opinion,  
 Revolted is thy good intention.  
 Then may I well blame thy cruelty,  
 If it be so.

But myself I say on this fashion;  
 'I have her heart in my possession,  
 And of itself cannot, perdie!  
 By no means love, an heartless body!'  
 And on my faith good is the reason,  
 If it be so.

10

## THE RECURED LOVER

RENOUNCETH HIS FICKLE MISTRESS FOR HER NEW-  
 FANGLENESS.

Thou hast no faith of him that hath none,  
 But thou must love him needs by reason;

For as saith a proverb notable,  
 'Each thing seeketh his semblable,'  
 And thou hast thine of thy condition.  
 Yet is it not the thing I pass on,  
 Nor hot nor cold is mine affection!  
 For since thine heart is so mutable,  
 Thou hast no faith.

3

I thought thee true without exception,  
 But I perceive I lacked discretion;  
 To fashion faith to words mutable,  
 Thy thought is too light and variable  
 To change so oft without occasion.

10

Thou hast no faith!

## ODES.

### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

- 1 My lute, awake! perform the last Labour, that thou and I shall waste;  
 And end that I have now begun:  
 And when this song is sung and past,  
 My lute! be still, for I have done.
  
- 2 As to be heard where ear is none;  
 As lead to grave in marble stone;  
 My song may pierce her heart as soon.  
 Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?  
 No, no, my lute! for I have done.
  
- 3 The rocks do not so cruelly Repulse the waves continually,  
 As she my suit and affection,

So that I am past remedy;  
Whereby my lute and I have done.

4 Proud of the spoil that thou hast got *a*  
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,*u*  
By whom unkind thou hast them won:*b*  
Think not he hath his bow forgot,  
Although my lute and I have done.

5 Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,  
That makest but game on earnest pain;  
Think not alone under the sun  
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain;  
Although my lute and I have done.

6 May chance thee lie withered and old  
In winter nights, that are so cold,  
Plaining in vain unto the moon;  
Thy wishes then dare not be told:  
Care then who list, for I have done.

7 And then may chance thee to repent  
The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:  
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
And wish and want as I have done.

8 Now cease, my lute! this is the last  
Labour, that thou and I shall waste;  
And ended is that we begun:  
Now is this song both sung and past;  
My lute! be still, for I have done.

## THE LOVER REJOICETH THE ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE.

- 1 Once, as methought, Fortune me kiss'd,  
And bade me ask what I thought best,  
And I should have it as me list,  
Therewith to set my heart in rest.
- 2 I askèd but my lady's heart,  
To have for evermore mine own;  
Then at an end were all my smart;  
Then should I need no more to moan.
- 3 Yet for all that a stormy blast  
Had overturn'd this goodly day;  
And Fortune seemèd at the last  
That to her promise she said nay.
- 4 But like as one out of despair,  
To sudden hope revivèd I,  
Now Fortune sheweth herself so fair,  
That I content me wondrously.
- 5 My most desire my hand may reach,  
My will is alway at my hand;  
Me need not long for to beseech  
Her, that hath power me to command.
- 6 What earthly thing more can I crave?  
What would I wish more at my will?  
Nothing on earth more would I have,  
Save that I have, to have it still.
- 7 For Fortune now hath kept her promess,  
In granting me my most desire:  
Of my sovereign I have redress,  
And I content me with my hire.

## THE LOVER SHEWETH HOW HE IS

FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED.

- 1 THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,  
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:  
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,  
That now are wild, and do not once remember,  
That sometime they have put themselves in danger  
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,  
Busily seeking in continual change.
- 2 Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise  
Twenty times better; but once in special,  
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,  
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,  
And she me caught in her arms long and small,  
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,  
And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'
- 3 It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:  
But all is turn'd now, through my gentleness,  
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;  
And I have leave to go of her goodness;  
And she also to use new fangleness.  
But, since that I unkindly so am servèd,  
I would fain know what she hath deservèd?

---

## THE LOVER TO HIS BED,

WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

- 1 THOU! restful place, renewer of my smart,  
Thou! labours' salve, increasing my sorrow,

Thou ! body's ease, and troubler of my heart,  
 Quieter of mind, and my unquiet foe,  
 Forgetter of pain, rememberer of my woe,  
 The place of sleep, wherein I do but wake,  
 Besprent with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

2 The frost, the snow may not redress my heat,  
     Nor heat of sun abate my fervent cold,  
 I know nothing to easc my pains so great ;  
     Each cure causeth increase by twenty fold,  
     Renewing cares upon my sorrows old,  
 Such overthwart effects in me they make :  
     Besprent with tears, my bed for to forsake.

3 But all for nought, I find no better ease  
     In bed or out : this most causeth my pain,  
 Where I do seek how best that I may please ;  
     My lost laboūr, alas, is all in vain :  
     My heart once set, I cannot it refrain ;  
 No place from me my grief away can take ;  
     Wherfore with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOVE DOTH NOT PITY HIM.

1 RESOUND my voice, ye woods, that hear me plain ;  
     Both hills and vales causing reflexion ;  
 And rivers eke, record ye of my pain,  
     Which have oft forced ye by compassion,  
     As judges, lo, to hear my exclamation :  
 Among whom ruth, I find, yet doth remain ;  
     Where I it seek, alas, there is disdain.

2 Oft, ye rivers, to hear my woful sound  
 Have stopp'd your course: and plainly to express  
 Many a tear by moisture of the ground,  
 The earth hath wept to hear my heaviness:  
 Which causeless I endure without redress.  
 The hugy oaks have roarèd in the wind:  
 Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.

3 Why then, alas, doth not she on me rue?  
 Or is her heart so hard that no pity  
 May in it sink, my joy for to renew?  
 O stony heart, who hath thus framed thee  
 So cruel, that art cloaked with beauty!  
 That from thee may no grace to me proceed,  
 But as reward, death for to be my meed!

---

### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF FORSAKEN.

1 WHERE shall I have, at mine own will,  
 Tears to complain? where shall I fet<sup>1</sup>  
 Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill,  
 And then again my plaints repeat?

2 For, though my plaint shall have none end,  
 My tears cannot suffice my woe:  
 To moan my harm have I no friend;  
 For fortune's friend is mishap's foe.

3 Comfort, God wot, else have I none,  
 But in the wind to waste my words;  
 Nought moveth you my deadly moan,  
 But still you turn it into bordes.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ‘Fet.’ Fetch.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Bordes.’ Jests.

4 I speak not now to move your heart,  
That you should rue upon my pain;  
The sentence given may not revert:  
I know such labour were but vain.

5 But since that I for you, my dear,  
Have lost that thing, that was my best,  
A right small loss it must appear  
To lose these words, and all the rest.

6 But though they sparkle in the wind,  
Yet shall they shew your falsèd faith,  
Which is returned unto his kind;  
For like to like, the proverb saith.

7 Fortune and you did me advance;  
Methought I swam, and could not drown:  
Happiest of all; but my mischance  
Did lift me up, to throw me down.

8 And you with her, of cruelty,  
Did set your foot upon my neck,  
Me, and my welfare, to oppress;  
Without offence your heart to wreck.

9 Where are your pleasant words, alas!  
Where is your faith? your steadfastness?  
There is no more, but all doth pass,  
And I am left all comfortless.

10 But since so much it doth you grieve,  
And also me my wretched life,  
Have here my truth: nought shall relieve,  
But death alone, my wretched strife.

11 Therefore farewell, my life, my death;  
    My gain, my loss, my salve, my sore;  
Farewell also, with you my breath;  
    For I am gone for evermore.

---

### A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOVE.

1 FAREWELL the heart of cruelty;  
Though that with pain my liberty  
Dear have I bought, and wofully  
Finish'd my fearful tragedy.

2 Of force I must forsake such pleasure;  
A good cause just, since I endure  
Thereby my woe, which be ye sure,  
Shall therewith go me to recure.

3 I fare as one escap'd that fleeth,  
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth  
Spied to be caught, and so dreadeth  
That he for nought his pain leseth.

4 In joyful pain, rejoice my heart,  
Thus to sustain of each a part.  
Let not this song from thee astart;  
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

---

### THE LOVER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH ALLUREMENTS.

1 It may be good, like it who list;  
    But I do doubt: who can me blame?  
For oft assured, yet have I miss'd;

And now again I fear the same.

The windy words, the eyes' quaint game,  
Of sudden change, make me aghast;  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

2 Alas! I tread an endless maze,

That seek t' accord two contraries;  
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,<sup>1</sup>  
Imprisonèd in liberties:  
As one unheard, and still that cries;  
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

3 Assured, I doubt I be not sure;

Should I then trust unto such surety,  
That oft hath put the proof in ure,  
And never yet have found it trusty?  
Nay, sir, in faith, it were great folly:  
And yet my life thus do I waste;  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

### THE LOVER REJOICETH AGAINST FORTUNE

THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUIT HAD HAPPILY MADE HIM  
FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

1 IN faith I wot not what to say,

Thy chances been so wonderous,  
Thou, Fortune, with thy divers play  
That makest the joyful dolorous,  
And eke the same right joyous.

Yet though thy chain hath me enwrapp'd,  
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well happ'd.

<sup>1</sup> 'Hase:' conjectured to be for halse, to embrace.

2 Though thou hast set me for a wonder,  
     And seek'st by change to do me pain :  
     Men's minds yet mayst thou not so order ;  
         For honesty, if it remain,  
         Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain.  
     In vain thou seek'st to have me trapp'd ;  
     Spite of thy hap, hap hath well happ'd.

3 In hindering me, me didst thou further ;  
     And made a gap, where was a stile :  
     Cruel wills been oft put under ;  
         Weening to lour, then didst thou smile :  
         Lord ! how thyself thou didst beguile,  
     That in thy cares wouldest me have wrapp'd !  
     But spite of hap, hap hath well happ'd.

THE LOVER'S SORROWFUL STATE  
 MAKETH HIM WRITE SORROWFUL SONGS, BUT SUCH HIS  
 LOVE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.

1 MARVEL no more although  
     The songs I sing do moan ;  
     For other life than woe,  
         I never proved none.  
     And in my heart also  
         Is graven, with letters deep,  
         A thousand sighs and mo,  
         A flood of tears to weep.

2 How may a man in smart  
     Find matter to rejoice ?  
     How may a mourning heart  
         Set forth a pleasant voice ?

Play, whoso can, that part,  
 Needs must in me appear  
 How fortune overthwart  
 Doth cause my mourning chere.

3 Perdie! there is no man,  
 If he saw never sight,  
 That perfectly tell can  
 The nature of the light.  
 Alas! how should I than,  
 That never taste but sour,  
 But do as I began,  
 Continually to lour.

4 But yet perchance some chance  
 May chance to change my tune;  
 And when such chance doth chance,  
 Then shall I thank fortune.  
 And if I have such chance,  
 Perchance ere it be long,  
 For such a pleasant chance,  
 To sing some pleasant song.

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTS  
 AND TEARS TO SUE FOR GRACE.

1 Pass forth, my wonted cries,  
 Those cruel ears to perse,  
 Which in most hateful wise  
 Do still my plaints reverse.  
 Do you, my tears, also  
 So wet her barren heart,  
 That pity there may grow,  
 And cruelty depart.

2 For though hard rocks among  
She seems to have been bred,  
And of the tiger long  
Been nourished and fed;  
Yet shall not nature change,  
If pity once win place;  
Whom as unknown and strange  
She now away doth chase.

3 And as the water soft,  
Without forcing or strength,  
Where that it falleth oft  
Hard stones doth pierce at length :  
So in her stony heart  
My plaints at last shall grave,  
And, rigour set apart,  
Win grant of that I crave.

4 Wherefore, my plaints, present  
Still so to her my suit,  
As ye, through her assent,  
May bring to me some fruit.  
And as she shall me prove,  
So bid her me regard ;  
And render love for love ;  
Which is a just reward.

---

THE LOVER'S CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN  
HOWEVER HE DISSEMBLE.

1 Your looks so often cast,  
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,  
Your sight fixed so fast,  
Always one to behold;

Though hide it fain ye wold,  
 It plainly doth declare,  
 Who hath your heart in hold,  
 And where good will ye bear.

2 Fain would ye find a cloak  
 Your brenning<sup>1</sup> fire to hide,  
 Yet both the flame and smoke  
 Breaks out on every side.  
 Ye cannot love so guide,  
 That it no issue win:  
 Abroad needs must it glide,  
 That brens so hot within.

3 For, 'cause yourself do wink,  
 Ye judge all other blind;  
 And secret it you think,  
 Which every man doth find.  
 In waste oft spend ye wind,  
 Yourself in love to quit;  
 For argues of that kind  
 Will shew who hath the fit.

4 Your sighs you fetch from far,  
 And all to wry<sup>2</sup> your woe;  
 Yet are ye ne'er the narre:<sup>3</sup>  
 Men are not blinded so.  
 Deeply oft swear ye no;  
 But all those oaths are vain:  
 So well your eye doth shew,  
 Who puts your heart to pain.

5 Think not therefore to hide,  
 That still itself betrays:

<sup>1</sup> 'Brenning:' burning.—<sup>2</sup> 'Wry:' to divert, or hide.—<sup>3</sup> 'Narre:' nearer.

Nor seek means to provide  
     To dark the sunny days.  
 Forget those wonted ways;  
     Leave off such frowning cheer,  
 There will be found no stays  
     To stop a thing so clear.

---

THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE  
 DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

1 Disdaine me not without desert;  
     Nor leave me not so suddenly;  
 Since well ye wot that in my heart  
     I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why;  
     Nor think me not to be unjust;  
 Since that by lot of fantasy,  
     This careful knot needs knit I must.

3 Mistrust me not, though some there be,  
     That fain would spot my steadfastness:  
 Believe them not, since that ye see,  
     The proof is not as they express.

4 Forsake me not, till I deserve;  
     Nor hate me not, till I offend;  
 Destroy me not till that I swerve:  
     But<sup>1</sup> since ye know what I intend.

5 Disdaine me not, that am your own;  
     Refuse me not, that am so true;  
 Mistrust me not, till all be known;  
     Forsake me not now for no new.

<sup>1</sup> ‘But:’ perhaps for *bot*, unless.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE  
WITH SUIT FOR GRACE.

- 1 For want of will in woe I plain,  
Under colour of soberness ;  
Renewing with my suit my pain,  
My wanhope<sup>1</sup> with you steadfastness.  
Awake therefore of gentleness ;  
Regard, at length, I you require,  
My swelting pains of my desire.
- 2 Betimes who giveth willingly,  
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve ;  
And I that sue unfeignedly,  
In fruitless hope, alas ! do sterfe.<sup>2</sup>  
How great my cause is for to swerve,  
And yet how steadfast is my suit,  
Lo, here ye see : where is the fruit ?
- 3 As hound that hath his keeper lost,  
Seek I your presence to obtain ;  
In which my heart delighteth most,  
And shall delight though I be slain.  
You may release my band of pain ;  
Loose then the care that makes me cry  
For want of help, or else I die.
- 4 I die, though not incontinent ;<sup>3</sup>  
By process, yet consumingly,  
As waste of fire which doth relent :  
If you as wilful will deny.  
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,  
And take me wholly in your grace ;  
Which lacketh will to change his place.

<sup>1</sup> 'Wanhope:' despair.—<sup>2</sup> 'Sterfe:' perish, die.—<sup>3</sup> 'Incontinent:' immediately.

## THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED JOYS.

- 1 If ever man might him avaunt  
    Of Fortune's friendly chere,  
It was myself, I must it grant,  
    For I have bought it dear:  
And dearly have I held also  
    The glory of her name,  
In yielding her such tribute, lo,  
    As did set forth her fame.
- 2 Sometime I stood so in her grace,  
    That, as I would require,  
Each joy I thought did me embrace,  
    That furthered my desire:  
And all those pleasures, lo, had I,  
    That fancy might support;  
And nothing she did me deny  
    That was unto my comfort.
- 3 I had, what would you more, perdie?  
    Each grace that I did crave;  
Thus Fortune's will was unto me  
    All thing that I would have:  
But all too rathe,<sup>1</sup> alas the while,  
    She built on such a ground:  
In little space, too great a guile  
    In her now have I found.
- 4 For she hath turned so her wheel,  
    That I, unhappy man,  
May wail the time that I did feel  
    Wherewith she fed me than:

'Rathe:' soon.

For broken now are her behests,  
 And pleasant looks she gave,  
 And therefore now all my requests  
 From peril cannot save.

5 Yet would I well it might appear  
 To her my chief regard;  
 Though my deserts have been too dear  
 To merit such reward:  
 Since Fortune's will is now so bent  
 To plague me thus, poor man,  
 I must myself therewith content,  
 And bear it as I can.

---

### TO HIS LOVE THAT HATH GIVEN HIM ANSWER OF REFUSAL.

1 THE answer that ye made to me, my dear,  
 When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,  
 Hath so appall'd my countenance and my chere,  
 That in this case I am all comfortless,  
 Since I of blame no cause can well express.

2 I have no wrong, where I can claim no right,  
 Nought ta'en me fro, where I have nothing had,  
 Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite;  
 Namely, since that another may be glad  
 With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

3 Yet none can claim, I say, by former grant,  
 That knoweth not of any grant at all;  
 And by desert, I dare well make avaunt  
 Of faithful will; there is nowhere that shall  
 Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

4 Now good then, call again that bitter word,  
That touch'd your friend so near with pangs of pain ;  
And say, my dear, that it was said in bord :  
Late, or too soon, let it not rule the gain,  
Wherewith free will doth true desert retain.

---

### THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

1 UNWARILY so was never no man caught,  
With steadfast look upon a goodly face,  
As I of late : for suddenly, methought,  
My heart was torn out of his place.

2 Through mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,  
And down directly to my heart it ran ;  
In help whereof the blood thereto did glide,  
And left my face both pale and wan.

3 Then was I like a man for woe amazed,  
Or like the fowl that fleeth into the fire ;  
For while that I upon her beauty gazed,  
The more I burn'd in my desire.

4 Anon the blood start in my face again,  
Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my heart,  
And brought therewith, throughout in every vein,  
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

5 Then was I like the straw, when that the flame  
Is driven therein by force and rage of wind ;  
I cannot tell, alas ! what I shall blame,  
Nor what to seek, nor what to find.

6 But well I wot the grief doth hold me sore  
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dread,  
That, but her help to health doth me restore,  
This restless life I may not lead.

---

## THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDS,

WHEREWITH HE WAS UNJUSTLY CHARGED.

1 PERDIE! I said it not,  
Nor never thought to do:  
As well as I, ye wot  
I have no power thereto.  
And if I did, the lot,  
That first did me enchain,  
May never slack the knot,  
But strait it to my pain!

2 And if I did each thing,  
That may do harm or woe,  
Continually may wring  
My heart whereso I go!  
Report may always ring  
Of shame on me for aye,  
If in my heart did spring  
The words that you do say.

3 And if I did, each star  
That is in heaven above,  
May frown on me to mar  
The hope I have in love!  
And if I did, such war  
As they brought unto Troy,  
Bring all my life as far  
From all his lust and joy!

4 And if I did so say,  
     The beauty that me bound,  
     Increase from day to day  
         More cruel to my wound!  
     With all the moan that may,  
         To plaint may turn my song;  
     My life may soon decay,  
         Without redress, by wrong!

5 If I be clear from thought,  
     Why do you then complain?  
     Then is this thing but sought  
         To turn my heart to pain.  
     Then this that you have wrought,  
         You must it now redress;  
     Of right therefore you ought  
         Such rigour to repress.

6 And as I have deserved,  
     So grant me now my hire;  
     You know I never swerved,  
         You never found me liar.  
     For Rachel have I served,  
         For Leah cared I never;  
     And her I have reserved  
         Within my heart for ever.



### THE LOVER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL IN LOVE.

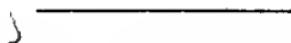
1 WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark  
     Thy fair beauty to behold;  
     And when my ears listened to hark  
         The pleasant words, that thou me told;

I would as then I had been free  
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.

2 And when my lips 'gan first to move,  
Whereby my heart to thee was known,  
And when my tongue did talk of love  
To thee that hast true love down thrown;  
I would my lips and tongue also  
Had then been dumb, no deal<sup>1</sup> to go.

3 And when my hands have handled ought  
That thee hath kept in memory,  
And when my feet have gone and sought  
To find and get thee company,  
I would each hand a foot had been,  
And I each foot a hand had seen,

4 And when in mind I did consent,  
To follow this my fancy's will,  
And when my heart did first relent  
To taste such bait, my life to spill;  
I would my heart had been as thine,  
Or else thy heart had been as mine.



### THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE FAITHFULLY.

1 SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,  
Of very force I must agree:  
And since no chance may it remove,  
In wealth and in adversity,  
I shall alway myself apply  
To serve, and suffer patiently.

<sup>1</sup> 'No deal:' not a bit.

- 2 Though for good will I find but hate,  
And cruelty, my life to waste,  
And though that still a wretched state  
Should pine my days unto the last,  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 3 For since my heart is bound to serve,  
And I not ruler of mine own,  
Whatso befall, till that I sterue  
By proof full well it shall be known,  
That I shall still myself apply  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 4 Yea, though my grief find no redress,  
But still increase before mine eyes,  
Though my reward be cruelty,  
With all the harm hap can devise,  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 5 Yea, though Fortune her pleasant face  
Should show, to set me up aloft,  
And straight my wealth for to deface,  
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,  
Yet would I still myself apply  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 6 There is no grief, no smart, no woe,  
That yet I feel, or after shall,  
That from this mind may make me go;  
And whatsoever me befall,  
I do profess it willingly  
To serve, and suffer patiently.

## TO HIS UNKIND LOVE.

- 1 WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kind?  
What power? what plague doth weary thus my mind?  
Within my bones to rankle is assigned,  
    What poison, pleasant, sweet?
- 2 Lo! see mine eyes flow with continual tears,  
The body still away sleepless it wears,  
My food nothing my fainting strength repairs,  
    Nor doth my limbs sustain.
- 3 In deep wide wound, the deadly stroke doth turn  
To cureless scar that never shall return:  
Go to! triumph! rejoice thy goodly turn,  
    Thy friend thou dost oppress.
- 4 Oppress thou dost, and hast of him no cure,  
Nor yet my plaint no pity can procure,  
Fierce tiger fell! hard rock without recure!  
    Cruel rebel to love!
- 5 Once may thou love, never beloved again!  
So love thou still, and not thy love obtain!  
So wrathful love, with spites of just disdain,  
    May freat<sup>1</sup> thy cruel heart!

---

## THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

- 1 I SEE that chance hath chosen me  
    Thus secretly to live in pain,  
And to another given the fee,  
    Of all my loss to have the gain:

<sup>1</sup> 'Freat, or frete:' consume.

By chance asigned thus do I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

2 Unto myself sometime alone  
I do lament my woful case;  
But what availeth me to moan?  
Since truth and pity hath no place  
In them, to whom I sue and serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

3 To seek by mean to change this mind,  
Alas! I prove, it will not be;  
For in my heart I cannot find  
Once to refrain, but still agree,  
As bound by force, alway to serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

4 Such is the fortune that I have,  
To love them most that love me least;  
And to my pain to seek, and crave  
The thing that other have possess'd:  
So thus in vain alway I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

5 And till I may appease the heat,  
If that my hap will hap so well,  
To wail my woe my heart shall frete,  
Whose pensive pain my tongue can tell;  
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

WHETHER LIBERTY BY LOSS OF LIFE  
OR LIFE IN PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.

1 Like as the bird within the cage inclosed,  
    The door unsparr'd, her foe the hawk without,  
'Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,  
    Whether for to choose standeth in doubt;  
    Lo! so do I, which seek to bring about,  
Which should be best by determination,  
    By loss of life, liberty; or life by prison.

2 O mischief, by mischief to be redressed!  
    Where pain is best, there lieth but little pleasure,  
By short death better to be delivered,  
    Than bide in painful life, thraldom, and dolour:  
    Small is the pleasure, where much pain we suffer;  
Rather therefore to choose methinketh wisdom,  
    By loss of life liberty, than life by prison.

3 And yet methinks, although I live and suffer,  
    I do but wait on time and fortune's chance;  
Oft many things do happen in one hour;  
    That which oppress'd me now may me advance.  
    In time is trust, which by death's grievance  
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason  
    By death to choose liberty, and not life by prison.

4 But death were deliverance, where life lengthens pain,  
    Of these two ills let see now choose the lest,  
This bird to deliver that here doth plain:  
    What say ye, lovers? which shall be the best?  
    In cage thraldom, or by the hawk oppress'd:  
And which to choose make plain conclusion,  
    By loss of life liberty, or life by prison?

HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN  
OVER REALMS,

THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

- 1 If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage  
    Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free  
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage:  
    For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,  
    And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,  
If thy desire have over thee the power,  
Subject then art thou, and no governor.
- 2 If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,  
    Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;  
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,  
    And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,  
    Alike hath made thee noble in his working;  
So that wretched no way may thou be,  
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.
- 3 All<sup>1</sup> were it so thou had a flood of gold  
    Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;  
And though with Indian stones, a thousand fold  
    More precious than can thyself devise,  
    Ycharged were thy back; thy covetise,  
And busy biting yet should never let  
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

<sup>1</sup> "All :" although.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER GIVETH TO HIS  
MISTRESS HIS HEART,  
AS HIS BEST AND ONLY TREASURE.

- 1 To seek each where where man doth live,  
The sea, the land, the rock, the clive,  
France, Spain, and Inde, and every where;  
Is none a greater gift to give,  
Less set by oft, and is so lief and dear,  
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.<sup>1</sup>
- 2 I cannot give broaches nor rings,  
These goldsmith work, and goodly things,  
Pierrie,<sup>2</sup> nor pearl, orient and clear;  
But for all that can no man bring  
Lieffer jewel unto his lady dear,  
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.
- 3 Nor I seek not to fetch it far;  
Worse is it not though it be narr;  
And as it is, it doth appear  
Uncounterfeit mistrust to bar.  
It is both whole, and pure, withouten peer,  
Dare I well say, the gift I give to year.
- 4 To thee therefore the same retain;  
The like of thee to have again  
France would I give, if mine it were.  
Is none alive in whom doth reign  
Lesser disdain; freely therefore lo! here  
Dare I well give, I say, my heart to year.

<sup>1</sup> 'To year:' this year.—<sup>2</sup> 'Pierrie:' precious stones.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SORROW OF  
TRUE LOVERS' PARTING.

- 1 THERE was never nothing more me pain'd,  
Nor more my pity moved,  
As when my sweatheart her complain'd  
That ever she me loved.  
Alas! the while!
- 2 With piteous look she said, and sight,<sup>1</sup>  
' Alas! what aileth me?  
To love, and set my wealth so light,  
On him that loveth not me;  
Alas! the while!
- 3 Was I not well void of all pain,  
When that nothing me grieved?  
And now with sorrows I must complain,  
And cannot be relieved,  
Alas! the while!
- 4 My restful nights, and joyful days,  
Since I began to love  
Be take from me; all thing decays,  
Yet can I not remove,  
Alas! the while!
- 5 She wept and wrung her hands withal,  
The tears fell in my neck:  
She turned her face, and let it fall;  
And scarce therewith could speak:  
Alas! the while!
- 6 Her pains tormented me so sore  
That comfort had I none,

<sup>1</sup> 'Sight:' sighed.

But cursed my fortune more and more  
 To see her sob and groan,  
 Alas! the while!

---

### THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS STONY HEARTED MISTRESS TO HEAR HIM  
 COMPLAIN ERE THAT HE DIE.

- 1 HEAVEN, and earth, and all that hear me plain  
 Do well perceive what care doth make me cry;  
 Save you alone, to whom I cry in vain;  
 Mercy, Madam, alas! I die, I die!
- 2 If that you sleep, I humbly you require  
 Forbear a while, and let your rigour slake,  
 Since that by you I burn thus in this fire;  
 To hear my plaint, dear heart, awake! awake!
- 3 Since that so oft ye have made me to wake  
 In plaint, and tears, and in right piteous case;  
 Displease you not if force do now me make  
 To break your sleep, crying alas! alas!
- 4 It is the last trouble that ye shall have  
 Of me, Madam, to hear my last complaint;  
 Pity at least your poor unhappy slave,  
 For in despair, alas! I faint, I faint.
- 5 It is not now, but long and long ago  
 I have you served, as to my power and might  
 As faithfully as any man might do;  
 Claiming of you nothing of right, of right.
- 6 Save of your grace only to stay my life  
 That fleeth as fast as cloud before the wind;

For since that first I entered in this strife,  
 An inward death hath fret<sup>1</sup> my mind, my mind.

7 If I had suffered this to you unaware  
 Mine were the fault, and you nothing to blame;  
 But since you know my woe and all my care,  
 Why do I die, alas! for shame! for shame!

8 I know right well my face, my look, my tears,  
 Mine eyes, my words, and eke my dreary chere  
 Have cried my death full oft unto your ears;  
 Hard of belief it doth appear, appear.

9 A better proof I see that ye would have;  
 How I am dead, therefore, when ye hear tell,  
 Believe it not, although ye see my grave;  
 Cruel! unkind! I say farewell! farewell!

HE REJOICETH THE OBTAINING THE  
 FAVOUR OF THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

1 AFTER great storms the calm returns,  
 And pleasanter it is thereby;  
 Fortune likewise that often turns,  
 Hath made me now the most happy.

2 The heaven that pitied my distress,  
 My just desire, and my cry,  
 Hath made my languor to cease,  
 And me also the most happy.

3 Whereto despairèd ye, my friends?  
 My trust alway in her did lie

<sup>1</sup> ‘Fret:’ wasted.

That knoweth what my thought intends;  
Whereby I live the most happy.

4 Lo! what can take hope from that heart,  
That is assured steadfastly;  
Hope therefore ye that live in smart,  
Whereby I am the most happy.

5 And I that have felt of your pain  
Shall pray to God continually,  
To make your hope, your health retain,  
And me also the most happy.

---

THE LOVER PRAYETH VENUS  
TO CONDUCT HIM TO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

1 THOUGH this the port, and I thy servant true,  
And thou thyself dost cast thy beams from high  
From thy chief house,<sup>1</sup> promising to renew  
Both joy and eke delight, behold yet how that I,  
Banished from my bliss, carefully do cry.  
Help now Cythéræa! my lady dear,  
My fearful trust, ‘En vogant la galere.’

2 Alas! the doubt that dreadful absence giveth!  
Without thine aid assurance is there none;  
The firm faith that in the water fleteth,  
Succour thou therefore, in thee it is alone.  
Stay that with faith, that faithfully doth moan,  
Thou also givest me both hope and fear,  
Remember me then, ‘En vogant la galere.’

<sup>1</sup> ‘Chief house:’ in the astrological sense.

3 By seas, and hills elonged from thy sight,  
   Thy wonted grace reducing to my mind,  
 Instead of sleep thus I occupy the night;  
   A thousand thoughts, and many doubts I find,  
   And still I trust thou canst not be unkind,  
 Or else despair my comfort and my chere  
   Would she forthwith, ‘En vogant la galere.’

4 Yet, on my faith! full little doth remain  
   Of any hope whereby I may myself uphold;  
 For since that only words do me retain,  
   I may well think the affection is but cold.  
   But since my will is nothing as I would,  
 And in thy hands it resteth whole and clear,  
   Forget me not, ‘En vogant la galere.’

### THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY OF HIS LADY'S HAND.

1 O goodly hand,  
   Wherein doth stand  
 My heart distract in pain:  
   Dear hand, alas!  
   In little space  
 My life thou dost restrain.

2 O fingers slight,  
   Departed right,  
 So long, so small, so round!  
   Goodly begone,  
   And yet a bone  
 Most cruel in my wound.

3 With lilies white  
   And roses bright

Doth strain thy colour fair:  
 Nature did lend  
 Each finger's end  
 A pearl for to repair.

4 Consent at last,  
 Since that thou hast  
 My heart in thy demain,  
 For service true  
 On me to rue,  
 And reach me love again.

5 And if not so,  
 There with more woe  
 Enforce thyself to strain  
 This simple heart,  
 That suffered smart,  
 And rid it out of pain.

---

### THAT THE EYE BEWRAYETH ALWAY THE SECRET AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

1 AND if an eye may save or slay,  
 And strike more deep than weapon long;  
 And if an eye by subtle play,  
 May move one more than any tongue;  
 How can ye say that I do wrong,  
 Thus to suspect without desert?  
 For the eye is traitor to the heart.

2 To frame all well, I am content  
 That it were done unweetingly;  
 But yet I say, (who will assent),  
 To do but well, do nothing why  
 That men should deem the contrary;

For it is said by men expert  
That the eye is traitor of the heart.

- 3 But yet, alas! that look, all soul,  
    That I do claim of right to have,  
Should not, methink——go seek the school,  
    To please all folk, for who can crave  
    Friendlier thing than heart witsave<sup>1</sup>  
By look to give in friendly part;  
    For the eye is traitor of the heart.
- 4 And my suspect is without blame;  
    For as ye say, not only I  
But other mo have deem'd the same;  
    Then is it not jealousy,  
    But subtle look of reckless eye  
Did range too far, to make me smart;  
    For the eye is traitor of the heart.
- 5 But I your friend shall take it thus,  
    Since you will so, as stroke of chance;  
And leave further for to discuss,  
    Whether the stroke did stick or glance;  
    But 'scuse who can let him advance  
Dissembled looks, but for my part,  
    My eye must still betray my heart.
- 6 And of this grief ye shall be quit,  
    In helping Truth steadfast to go.  
The time is long that Truth doth sit  
    Feeble and weak, and suff'reth woe;  
    Cherish him well, continue so;  
Let him not fro' your heart astart;  
    Then fears not the eye to show the heart.

<sup>1</sup> 'Witsave:' vouchsafe.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH  
THAT FAITH MAY NOT AVAIL WITHOUT THE FAVOUR OF  
FANTASY.

- 1 If Fancy<sup>1</sup> would favour,  
As my deserving shall;  
My love, my paramour,  
Should love me best of all.
- 2 But if I cannot attain  
The grace that I desire,  
Then may I well complain  
My service, and my hire.
- 3 Fancy doth know how  
To further my true heart;  
If Fancy might avow  
With Faith to take part.
- 4 But Fancy is so frail  
And flitting still so fast,  
That Faith may not prevail  
To help me, first nor last.
- 5 For Fancy at his lust,  
Doth rule all but by guess;  
Whereto should I then trust  
In truth or steadfastness.
- 6 Yet gladly would I please  
The fancy of her heart,  
That may me only ease  
And cure my careful smart.

<sup>1</sup> Fancy : ' Love.

7 Therefore, my lady dear,  
    Set once your fantasy  
To make some hope appear,  
    Of steadfast remedy.

8 For if he be my friend,  
    And undertake my woe,  
My grief is at end  
    If he continue so.

9 Else Fancy doth not right;  
    As I deserve and shall,  
To have you day and night,  
    To love me best of all.

---

## THAT TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE

### SOMETIMES DISAPPOINTETH HOPE.

1 My hope, alas! hath me abused,  
    And vain rejoicing hath me fed:  
Lust and joy have me refused,  
    And careful plaint is in their stead;  
Too much advancing slack'd my speed,  
Mirth hath caused my heaviness,  
And I remain all comfortless.

2 Whereto did I assure my thought  
    Without displeasure steadfastly;  
In Fortune's forge my joy was wrought,  
    And is revolted readily.  
I am mistaken wonderly;  
For I thought not but faithfulness;  
Yet I remain all comfortless.

3 In gladsome cheer I did delight,  
     Till that delight did cause my smart,  
     And all was wrong when I thought right ;  
     For right it was, that my true heart  
     Should not from truth be set apart,  
     Since truth did cause my hardness ;  
     Yet I remain all comfortless.

4 Sometime delight did tune my song,  
     And led my heart full pleasantly ;  
     And to myself I said among,  
     ‘ My hap is coming hastily.’  
     But it hath happed contrary.  
     Assurance causeth my distress,  
     And I remain all comfortless.

5 Then if my note now do vary,  
     And leave his wonted pleasantness ;  
     The heavy burthen that I carry  
     Hath alter'd all my joyfulness.  
     No pleasure hath still steadfastness,  
     But haste hath hurt my happiness ;  
     And I remain all comfortless.

### THE LOVER BEMOANETH

HIS UNHAPPINESS THAT HE CANNOT OBTAIN GRACE,  
     YET CANNOT CEASE LOVING.

1 ALL heavy minds  
     Do seek to ease their charge ;  
     And that that most them binds  
     To let at large.

2 Then why should I  
    Hold pain within my heart,  
And may my tune apply,  
    To ease my smart.

3 My faithful lute  
    Alone shall hear me plain,  
For else all other suit  
    Is clean in vain.

4 For where I sue  
    Redress of all my grief;  
Lo! they do most eschew  
    My heart's relief.

5 Alas! my dear,  
    Have I deserved so?  
That no help may appear  
    Of all my woe!

6 Whom speak I to,  
    Unkind, and deaf of ear!  
Alas! lo! I go,  
    And wot not where.

7 Where is my thought?  
    Where wanders my desire?  
Where may the thing be sought  
    That I require?

8 Light in the wind  
    Doth flee all my delight;  
Where truth and faithful mind  
    Are put to flight.

9 Who shall me give  
     Feather'd wings for to flee?  
     The thing that doth me grieve  
     That I may see!

10 Who would go seek  
     The cause whereby to pain?  
     Who could his foe beseech<sup>1</sup>  
     For ease of pain!

11 My chance doth so  
     My woful case procure,  
     To offer to my foe  
     My heart to cure.

12 What hope I then  
     To have any redress!  
     Of whom, or where, or when?  
     Who can express!

13 No! since despair  
     Hath set me in this case,  
     In vain is 't in the air  
     To say, Alas!

14 I seek nothing  
     But thus for to discharge  
     My heart of sore sighing,  
     To plain at large.

15 And with my lute  
     Sometime to ease my pain;  
     For else all other suit  
     Is clean in vain.

<sup>1</sup> 'Beseech:' beseech.

THE MOURNFUL LOVER TO HIS HEART  
WITH COMPLAINT THAT IT WILL NOT BREAK.

- 1 COMFORT thyself, my woful heart,  
    Or shortly on thyself thee wreak ;  
For length redoubleth deadly smart ;  
    Why sigh'st thou, heart ! and wilt not break ?
- 2 To waste in sighs were piteous death ;  
    Alas ! I find thee faint and weak.  
Enforce thyself to lose thy breath ;  
    Why sigh'st thou, heart ! and wilt not break ?
- 3 Thou know'st right well that no redress  
    Is thus to pine ; and for to speak,  
Perdie ! it is remediless ;  
    Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break ?
- 4 It is too late for to refuse  
    The yoke, when it is on thy neck !  
To shake it off, vaileth not to muse ;  
    Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break ?
- 5 To sob and sigh it were but vain,  
    Since there is none that doth it reck ;  
Alas ! thou dost prolong thy pain ;  
    Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break ?
- 6 Then in her sight to move her heart  
    Seek on thyself, thyself to wreak,  
That she may know thou suffered'st smart ;  
    Sigh there thy last, and therewith break.

---

## THE LOVER RENOUNCES HIS CRUEL LOVE FOR EVER.

- 1 Alas! the grief, and deadly woful smart,  
The careful chance, shapen afore my shert,  
    The sorrowful tears, the sighs hot as fire,  
That cruel love hath long soked from my heart!  
    And for reward of over great desire  
    Disdainful doubleness have I, for my hire.
- 2 O lost service! O pain ill rewarded!  
O pitiful heart, with pain enlarged!  
    O faithful mind, too suddenly assented!  
Return, alas! sithens thou art not regarded.  
    Too great a proof of true faith presented,  
    Causeth by right such faith to be repented.
- 3 O cruel causer of undeserved change,  
By great desire unconstantly to range,  
    Is this your way for proof of steadfastness?  
Perdie! you know, the thing was not so strange,  
    By former proof too much my faithfulness;  
    What needeth then such coloured doubleness?
- 4 I have wailed thus, weeping in nightly pain,  
In sobs, and sighs, alas! and all in vain,  
    In inward plaint, and heart's woful torment.  
And yet, alas! lo! cruelty and disdain  
    Have set at nought a faithful true intent,  
    And price hath privilege truth to prevent.
- 5 But though I starve, and to my death still mourn,  
And piecemeal in pieces though I be torn;  
    And though I die, yielding my wearied ghost,

Shall never thing again make me return.

I wite<sup>1</sup> thou . . . of that that I have lost  
To whom so ever lust for to prove most.

---

## A COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY'S CRUELTY.

1 SINCE ye delight to know,  
That my torment and woe  
Should still increase  
Without release,  
I shall enforce me so,  
That life and all shall go  
For to content your cruelty.

2 And so this grievous train,  
That I too long sustain,  
Shall sometime cesse,  
And have redress,  
And you also remain,  
Full pleased with my pain,  
For to content your cruelty.

3 Unless that be too light,  
And that ye would ye might,  
See the distress,  
And heaviness,  
Of one slain outright,  
Therewith to please your sight,  
And to content your cruelty.

4 Then in your cruel mood  
Would God! forthwith ye would  
With force express,  
My heart oppress,

<sup>1</sup> 'With:' blame.

To do your heart such good,  
 To see me bathe in blood,  
 For to content your cruelty.

5 Then could ye ask no more;  
 Then should ye ease my sore,  
 And the excess  
 Of my distress;  
 And you should evermore  
 Defamed be therefore,  
 For to repent your cruelty.

---

### OF THE CONTRARY AFFECTIONS OF THE LOVER.

1 Such hap as I am happèd in,  
 Had never man of truth, I ween;  
 At me Fortune list to begin,  
 To shew that never hath been seen,  
 A new kind of unhappiness;  
 Nor I cannot the thing I mean  
 Myself express.

2 Myself express my deadly pain,  
 That can I well, if that might serve:  
 But when I have not help again,  
 That know I not, unless I stervey,<sup>1</sup>  
 For hunger still amiddes my food  
 [Lacking the thing] that I deserve  
 To do me good.

3 To do me good what may prevail,  
 For I deserve, and not desire,

<sup>1</sup> 'Stervey' perish.

And still of cold I me bewail,  
 And raked am in burning fire;  
 For though I have, such is my lot,  
 In hand to help that I require,  
 It helpeth not.

4 It helpeth not but to increase  
 That, that by proof can be no more;  
 That is, the heat that cannot cease;  
 And that I have, to crave so sore.  
 What wonder is this greedy lust!

To ask and have, and yet therefore  
 Refrain I must.

5 Refrain I must; what is the cause?  
 Sure as they say, 'So hawks be taught,'  
 But in my case layeth no such clause;  
 For such craft I am not caught;  
 Wherefore I say, and good cause why,  
 With hapless hand no man hath raught<sup>1</sup>  
 Such hap as I.

---

#### THAT RIGHT CANNOT GOVERN FANCY.

1 I HAVE sought long with steadfastness  
 To have had some ease of my great smart;  
 But nought availeth faithfulness  
 To grave within your stony heart.

2 But hap, and hit, or else hit not,  
 As uncertain as is the wind;  
 Right so it fareth by the shot  
 Of Love, alas! that is so blind.

<sup>1</sup> 'Raught:' reached.

3 Therefore I play'd the fool in vain,  
     With pity when I first began  
     Your cruel heart for to constrain,  
     Since love regardeth no doubtful man.

4 But of your goodness, all your mind  
     Is that I should complain in vain;  
     This is the favour that I find;  
     Ye list to hear how I can plain!

5 But though I plain to please your heart,  
     Trust me I trust to temper it so,  
     Not for to care which do revert;  
     All shall be one, or wealth, or woe.

6 For Fancy ruleth, though Right say nay,  
     Even as the good man kiss'd his cow:  
     None other reason can ye lay,  
     But as who sayeth; 'I reck not how.'

### THAT TRUE LOVE AVAILETH NOT WHEN     FORTUNE LIST TO FROWN.

1 To wish, and want, and not obtain;  
     To seek and sue ease of my pain,  
     Since all that ever I do is vain,  
         What may it avail me!

2 Although I strive both day and hour  
     Against the stream, with all my power,  
     If Fortune list yet for to lower,  
         What may it avail me!

3 If willingly I suffer woe;  
     If from the fire me list not go;

If then I burn to plain me so,  
 What may it avail me !

- 4 And if the harm that I suffer,  
 Be run too far out of measure,  
 To seek for help any further,  
 What may it avail me !
- 5 What though each heart that heareth me plain,  
 Pitieth and plaineth for my pain;  
 If I no less in grief remain,  
 What may it avail me !
- 6 Yea! though the want of my relief  
 Displease the causer of my grief;  
 Since I remain still in mischief,  
 What may it avail me !
- 7 Such cruel chance doth so me threat  
 Continually inward to freat,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then of release for to treat;  
 What may it avail me !
- 8 Fortune is deaf unto my call;  
 My torment moveth her not at all;  
 And though she turn as doth a ball,  
 What may it avail me !
- 9 For in despair there is no rede;<sup>2</sup>  
 To want of ear, speech is no speed;  
 To linger still alive as dead,  
 What may it avail me !

<sup>1</sup> 'Freat:' consume away.—<sup>2</sup> 'Rede:' counsel.

## THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR LIBERTY.

- 1 If chance assign'd,  
Were to my mind,  
By very kind  
    . .  
    Of destiny;  
Yet would I crave  
Nought else to have,  
    . .  
    But life and liberty.
- 2 Then were I sure,  
I might endure  
The displeasure  
    . .  
    Of cruelty;  
Where now I plain,  
Alas! in vain,  
    . .  
    Lacking my life, for liberty.
- 3 For without th' one,  
Th' other is gone,  
And there can none  
    . .  
    It remedy;  
If th' one be past,  
Th' other doth waste,  
    . .  
    And all for lack of liberty.
- 4 And so I drive,  
As yet alive,  
Although I strive  
    . .  
    With misery;  
Drawing my breath,  
Looking for death,  
    . .  
    And loss of life for liberty.

5 But thou that still,  
 Mayst at thy will,  
 Turn all this ill  
     Adversity;  
 For the repair,  
 Of my welfare,  
     Grant me but life and liberty.

6 And if not so,  
 Then let all go  
 To wretched woe,  
     And let me die;  
 For th' one or th' other,  
 There is none other;  
     My death, or life with liberty.

---

## THE LOVER CALLETH ON HIS LUTE TO HELP HIM BEMOAN HIS HAPLESS FOTE.

1 At most mischief  
 I suffer grief;  
 For of relief  
     Since I have none,  
 My lute and I  
 Continually  
 Shall us apply  
     To sigh and moan.

2 Nought may prevail  
 To weep or wail;  
 Pity doth fail  
     In you, alas!

Mourning or moan,  
Complaint or none,  
It is all one,  
As in this case.

3 For cruelty,  
That most can be,  
Hath sovereignty,  
Within your heart;  
Which maketh bare,  
All my welfare:  
Nought do ye care  
How sore I smart.

4 No tiger's heart  
Is so pervert,  
Without desert  
To wreak his ire;  
And you me kill  
For my good will:  
Lo! how I spill  
For my desire!

5 There is no love  
That can ye move,  
And I can prove  
None other way;  
Therefore I must  
Restrain my lust,  
Banish my trust,  
And wealth away.

6 Thus in mischief  
I suffer grief,

For of relief  
     Since I have none;  
 My lute and I  
     Continually  
     Shall us apply  
         To sigh and moan.

---

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE IS SUCH  
 HE WORKETH IMPOSSIBILITIES.

- 1 To cause accord, or to agree  
     Two contraries in one degree,  
     And in one point, as seemeth me  
     To all man's wit it cannot be;  
         It is impossible!
- 2 Of heat and cold when I complain,  
     And say that heat doth cause my pain,  
     When cold doth shake me every vein,  
     And both at once! I say again,  
         It is impossible!
- 3 That man that hath his heart away,  
     If life liveth there, as men do say,  
     That he heartless should last one day  
     Alive, and not to turn to clay,  
         It is impossible!
- 4 'Twixt life and death, say what who saith,  
     There liveth no life that draweth breath;  
     They join so near, and eke I' faith,  
     To seek for life by wish of death,  
         It is impossible!
- 5 Yet Love, that all thing doth subdue,  
     Whose power there may no life eschew,

Hath wrought in me that I may rue  
 These miracles to be so true,  
 That are impossible.

---

## THAT THE LIFE OF THE UNREGARDED LOVER IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

1 WHAT death is worse than this!

When my delight,  
 My weal, my joy, my bliss,  
 Is from my sight  
 Both day and night,  
 My life, alas! I miss.

2 For though I seem alive,

My heart is hence;  
 Thus bootless for to strive  
 Out of presence  
 Of my defence  
 Toward my death I drive.

3 Heartless, alas! what man

May long endure!  
 Alas! how live I then;  
 Since no recure<sup>1</sup>  
 May me assure  
 My life I may well ban.

4 Thus doth my torment grow

In deadly dread;  
 Alas! who might live so;  
 Alive, as dead:  
 Alive, to lead  
 A deadly life in woe.

<sup>1</sup> 'Recure:' recovery.

THE LOVER WHO CANNOT PREVAIL MUST  
NEEDS HAVE PATIENCE.

- 1 PATIENCE for my device;  
    Impatience for your part!  
    Of contraries the guise  
        Must needs be overthwart.  
    Patience! for I am true;  
    The contrary for you.
  
- 2 Patience! a good cause why!  
    You have no cause at all;  
    Trust me, that stands awry  
        Perchance may sometime fall.  
    Patience then say, and sup  
    A taste of Patience cup.
  
- 3 Patience! no force for that  
    Yet brush your gown again.  
    Patience! spurn not thereat;  
        Lest folk perceive your pain.  
    Patience at my pleasure,  
    When yours hath no measure.
  
- 4 The t'other was for me,  
    This Patience is for you,  
    Change when ye list let see,  
        For I have ta'en a new.  
    Patience with a good will  
    Is easy to fulfil.

---

## WHEN FORTUNE SMILES NOT, ONLY PATIENCE COMFORTETH.

- 1 PATIENCE! though I have not  
    The thing that I require;  
I must, of force, God wot,  
    Forbear my most desire,  
For no ways can I find  
    To sail against the wind.
  
- 2 Patience! do what they will  
    To work me woe or spite;  
I shall content me still  
    To think both day and night;  
To think, and hold my peace,  
    Since there is no redress.
  
- 3 Patience! withouten blame,  
    For I offended nought;  
I know they know the same,  
    Though they have changed their thought.  
Was ever thought so moved,  
    To hate that it hath loved?
  
- 4 Patience of all my harm,  
    For Fortune is my foe;  
Patience must be the charm  
    To heal me of my woe.  
Patience without offence  
    Is a painful Patience.

THAT PATIENCE ALONE CAN HEAL THE  
WOUND INFILCTED BY ADVERSITY.

- 1 PATIENCE of all my smart!  
For Fortune is turned awry:  
Patience must ease my heart,  
That mourns continually.  
Patience to suffer wrong  
Is a Patience too long.
  
- 2 Patience to have a nay,  
Of that I most desire;  
Patience to have alway,  
And ever burn like fire.  
Patience without desart  
Is grounder of my smart.
  
- 3 Who can with merry heart  
Set forth some pleasant song,  
That always feels but smart,  
And never hath but wrong?  
Yet Patience evermore  
Must heal the wound and sore.
  
- 4 Patience! to be content,  
With froward Fortune's train!  
Patience, to the intent  
Somewhat to slake my pain:  
I see no remedy,  
But suffer patiently.
  
- 5 To plain where is none ear,  
My chance is chanced so;

For it doth well appear  
My friend is turn'd my foe:  
But since there is no defence,  
I must take Patience.

---

### THE LOVER,

HOPELESS OF GREATER HAPPINESS, CONTENTETH HIMSELF  
WITH ONLY PITY.

- 1 THOUGH I cannot your cruelty constrain,  
For my good will to favour me again;  
Though my true and faithful love  
Have no power your heart to move,  
Yet rue upon my pain!
  
- 2 Though I your thrall must evermore remain,  
And for your sake my liberty restrain;  
The greatest grace that I do crave  
Is that ye would vouchsafe  
To rue upon my pain!
  
- 3 Though I have not deserved to obtain  
So high reward, but thus to serve in vain,  
Though I shall have no redress,  
Yet of right ye can no less,  
But rue upon my pain!
  
- 4 But I see well, that your high disdain  
Will no wise grant that I shall more attain;  
Yet ye must grant at the last  
This my poor, and small request;  
Rejoice not at my pain!

THAT TIME, HUMBLENESS, AND PRAYER,  
CAN SOFTEN EVERYTHING SAVE HIS LADY'S HEART.

- 1 PROCESS of time worketh such wonder,  
That water which is of kind so soft,  
Doth pierce the marble stone asunder,  
By little drops falling from aloft.
- 2 And yet an heart that seems so tender,  
Receiveth no drop of the stilling tears  
That alway still cause me to render,  
The vain plaint that sounds not in her ears.
- 3 So cruel, alas! is nought alive,  
So fierce, so foward, so out of frame,  
But some way, some time may so contrive  
By means the wild to temper and tame.
- 4 And I that always have sought, and seek  
Each place, each time for some lucky day,  
This fierce tiger, less I find her meek,  
And more denied the longer I pray.
- 5 The lion in his raging furour  
Forbears that sueth, meekness for his [boot];  
And thou, alas! in extreme dolour,  
The heart so low thou treads under thy foot.
- 6 Each fierce thing, lo! how thou dost exceed,  
And hides it under so humble a face!  
And yet the humble to help at need  
Nought helpeth time, humbleness, nor place.

THAT UNKINDNESS HATH SLAIN HIS  
POOR TRUE HEART.

If in the world there be more woe  
 Than I have in my heart;  
 Whereso it is, it doth come fro',  
 And in my breast there doth it grow,  
 For to increase my smart.  
 Alas! I am receipt of every care;  
 And of my life each sorrow claims his part.  
 Who list to live in quietness  
 By me let him beware.  
 For I by high disdain  
 Am made without redress;  
 And unkindness, alas! hath slain  
 My poor true heart, all comfortless.

10

THE DYING LOVER COMPLAINETH  
THAT HIS MISTRESS REGARDETH NOT HIS SUFFERINGS.

- 1 LIKE as the swan towards her death  
 Doth strain her voice with doleful note;  
 Right so sing I with waste of breath,  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.
- 2 I shall enforce my fainting breath,  
 That all that hears this deadly note,  
 Shall know that you dost cause my death,  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.
- 3 Your unkindness hath sworn my death,  
 And changed hath my pleasant note  
 To painful sighs that stop my breath.  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

4 Consumeth my life, faileth my breath,  
 Your fault is forger of this note ;  
 Melting in tears a cruel death.  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

5 My faith with me after my death  
 Buried shall be, and to this note  
 I do bequeath my weary breath  
 To cry, I die! and you regard it not.

---

### THE CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND THE HAPPY LOVER COUNSELLETH.

AH ! Robin!  
 Jolly Robin!  
 Tell me how thy leman doth ?  
 And thou shalt know of mine.  
 ‘ My lady is unkind, perdie ! ’  
 Alack, why is she so ?  
 ‘ She loveth another better than me,  
 And yet she will say, no.’

### RESPONSE.

I find no such doubleness ;  
 I find women true.  
 My lady loveth me doubtless,  
 And will change for no new.

10

### LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doth last,  
 But I say as I find ;  
 That woman’s love is but a blast,  
 And turneth like the wind.

## RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,  
 Learn this lesson of me ;  
 At others' fires thyself to warm,  
 And let them warm with thee.

17

## LE PLAINTIF.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,  
 That can abide their turn ;  
 But I, alas, can no way prove  
 In love, but lack, and mourn.

THE LOVER HAVING BROKEN HIS  
BONDAGE,

VOWETH NEVER MORE TO BE ENTHRALLED.

- 1 In æternum I was once determed,  
 For to have loved and my mind affirmed,  
 That with my heart it should be confirmed,  
 In æternum.
- 2 Forthwith I found the thing that I might like,  
 And sought with love to warm her heart alike,  
 For as methought I should not see the like,  
 In æternum.
- 3 To trace this dance I put myself in press,  
 Vain Hope did lead, and bade I should not cesse,  
 To serve to suffer, and still to hold my peace  
 In æternum.
- 4 With this first rule I further'd me a pace,  
 That as methought my truth had taken place,  
 With full assurance to stand in her grace,  
 In æternum.

5 It was not long ere I by proof had found  
 That feeble building is on feeble ground,  
 For in her heart this word did never sound  
     In æternum.

6 In æternum then from my heart I cest<sup>1</sup>  
 That, I had first determined for the best,  
 Now in the place another thought<sup>2</sup> doth rest.  
     In æternum.

---

### THE ABUSED LOVER ADMONISHES THE UNWARY TO BEWARE OF LOVE.

1 Lo! what it is to love!  
 Learn ye that list to prove  
     At me,<sup>3</sup> I say;  
     No ways that may  
     The grounded grief remove,  
     My life alway  
     That doth decay;  
     Lo! what it is to love.

2 Flee alway from the snare:  
 Learn by me to beware  
     Of such a train  
     Which doubles pain,  
     And endless woe, and care  
     That doth retain;  
     Which to refrain  
     Flee alway from the snare.

3 To love, and to be wise,  
 To rage with good advice;

<sup>1</sup> ‘Cest:’ for ‘kest,’ or cast.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Another thought:’ another fancy or love.

<sup>3</sup> ‘At me:’ of me.

Now thus, now than,  
 Now off, now an,<sup>1</sup>  
 Uncertain as the dice;  
 There is no man  
 At once that can  
 To love and to be wise.

4 Such are the divers throes,  
 Such that no man knows  
 That hath not proved  
 And once have loved;  
 Such are the raging woes  
 Sooner reproved  
 Than well removed,  
 Such are the divers throes.

5 Love is a fervent fire  
 Kindled by hot desire;  
 For a short pleasure  
 Long displeasure,  
 Repentance is the hire;  
 A poor treasure,  
 Without measure;  
 Love is a fervent fire.  
 Lo! what it is to love!

---

### A REPROOF TO SUCH AS SLANDER LOVE.

1 LEAVE thus to slander love!  
 Though evil with such it prove,  
 Which often use  
 Love to misuse,

<sup>1</sup> 'An:' on.

And loving to reprove;  
 Such cannot choose  
 For their refuse<sup>1</sup>  
 But thus to slander love.

2 Flee not so much the snare!  
 Love seldom causeth care.  
 But by deserts  
 And crafty parts  
 Some lese their own welfare.  
 Be true of heart;  
 And for no smart,  
 Flee not so much the snare.

3 To love, and not to be wise,  
 Is but a mad device;  
 Such love doth last  
 As sure and fast,  
 As chance on the dice,  
 A bitter taste  
 Comes at the last,  
 To love, and not to be wise.

4 Such be the pleasant days,  
 Such be the honest ways,  
 There is no man  
 That fully can  
 Know it, but he that says  
 Loving to ban  
 Were folly then;  
 Such be the pleasant days.

5 Love is a pleasant fire  
 Kindled by true desire;

<sup>1</sup> ‘Refuse:’ refusal.

And though the pain  
 Cause men to plain,  
 Speed well is oft the hire.  
 Then though some feign  
 And lese the gain,  
 Love is a pleasant fire.

6 Who most doeth slander love,  
 The deed must alway prove.

Truth shall excuse  
 That you accuse  
 For slander, and reprove.  
 Not by refuse,  
 But by abuse,  
 You most do slander love !

7 Ye grant it is a snare,  
 And would us not beware.

Lest that your train  
 Should be too plain  
 Ye colour all the care ;  
 Lo ! how you feign  
 Pleasure for pain,  
 And grant it is a snare.

8 To love, and to be wise,  
 It were a strange device :

But from that taste  
 Ye vow the fast,  
 On cinques though run your dice,  
 Ambsace<sup>1</sup> may haste  
 Your pain to waste.  
 To love, and to be wise.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ambsace : ' the two accs, the lowest throw of the dice; bad luck.

9 Of all such pleasant days,  
Of all such pleasant plays,  
Without desart,  
You have your part,  
And all the world so says;  
Save that poor heart  
That for more smart,  
Feeleth not such pleasant days.

10 Such fire, and such heat,  
Did never make ye sweat;  
For without pain  
You best obtain  
Too good speed, and too great.  
Whoso doeth plain  
You best do feign,  
Such fire, and such heat.  
Who now doth slander Love?

---

## DESPAIR COUNSELLETH THE DESERTED

LOVER TO END HIS WOES BY DEATH, BUT  
REASON BRINGETH COMFORT.

1 Most wretched heart! most miserable,  
Since thy comfort is from thee fled;  
Since all thy truth is turned to fable  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

2 'No! no! I live, and must do still;  
Whereof I thank God, and no mo;  
For I myself have at my will,  
And he is wretched that weens him so'

3 But yet thou hast both had and lost  
The hope, so long that hath thee fed,  
And all thy travail, and thy cost;  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

4 'Some other hope must feed me new:  
If I have lost, I say what tho!'<sup>1</sup>  
Despair shall not therewith ensue;  
For he is wretched that weens him so.'

5 The sun, the moon doth frown on thee;  
Thou hast darkness in daylight stead:  
As good in grave, as so to be;  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

6 'Some pleasant star may show me light;  
But though the heaven would work me woe,  
Who hath himself shall stand upright;  
And he is wretched that weens him so.'

7 Hath he himself that is not sure?  
His trust is like as he hath sped.  
Against the stream thou mayst not dure;  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

8 'The last is worst: who fears not that  
He hath himself whereso he go:  
And he that knoweth what is what,  
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.'

9 Seest thou not how they whet their teeth,  
Which to touch thee sometime did dread?  
They find comfort, for thy mischief,  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

<sup>1</sup> 'Tho:' although.

10 'What though that curs do fall by kind  
 On him that hath the overthrow;  
 All that cannot oppress my mind;  
 For he is wretched that weens him so.'

11 Yet can it not be then denied,  
 It is as certain as thy creed,  
 Thy great unhap thou canst not hide;  
 Unhappy then! why art thou not dead?

12 'Unhappy; but no wretch therefore!  
 For hap doth come again, and go,  
 For which I keep myself in store;  
 Since unhap cannot kill me so.'

---

THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED  
 THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

1 BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound  
 Of this or that as liketh me;  
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound  
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me;  
 Though my songs be somewhat strange,  
 And speak such words as touch thy change,  
 Blame not my Lute!

2 My Lute, alas! doth not offend,  
 Though that perforce he must agree  
 To sound such tunes as I intend,  
 To sing to them that heareth me;  
 Then though my songs be somewhat plain,  
 And toucheth some that use to feign,  
 Blame not my Lute!

3 My Lute and strings may not deny,  
    But as I strike they must obey;—  
Break not them then so wrongfully,  
    But wreak thyself some other way;  
And though the songs which I indite  
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,  
    Blame not my Lute!

4 Spite asketh spite, and changing change,  
    And falsed faith must needs be known;  
The faults so great, the case so strange;  
    Of right it must abroad be blown:  
Then since that by thine own desert  
My songs do tell how true thou art,  
    Blame not my Lute!

5 Blame but thyself that hast misdone,  
    And well deserved to have blame;  
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,  
    And then my Lute shall sound that same;  
But if till then my fingers play,  
By thy desert their wonted way,  
    Blame not my Lute!

6 Farewell! unknown; for though thou break  
    My strings in spite with great disdain,  
Yet I have found out for thy sake,  
    Strings for to string my Lute again:  
And if, perchance, this sely rhyme  
Do make thee blush, at any time,  
    Blame not my Lute!

---

## THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS PEN TO RECORD THE UNGENTLE  
BEHAVIOUR OF HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

- 1 My pen! take pain a little space  
To follow that which doth me chase,  
    And hath in hold my heart so sore;  
But when thou hast this brought to pass,  
    My pen! I pri'thee write no more.
- 2 Remember oft thou hast me eased,  
And all my pains full well appeased,  
    But now I know, unknown before,  
For where I trust, I am deceived;  
    And yet, my pen! thou canst no more.
- 3 A time thou hadest as other have  
To write which way my hope to crave;  
    That time is past; withdraw, therefore:  
Since we do lose that others have,  
    As good leave off and write no more.
- 4 In worth to use another way;  
Not as we would, but as we may,  
    For once my loss is past restore,  
And my desire is my decay;  
    My pen! yet write a little more.
- 5 To love in vain, who ever shall,  
Of worldly pain it passeth all,  
    As in like case I find; wherefore  
To hold so fast, and yet to fall!  
    Alas! my pen, now write no more.

6 Since thou hast taken pain this space  
To follow that which doth me chace,  
And hath in hold my heart so sore,  
Now hast thou brought my mind to pass,  
My pen! I pri'thee write no more.

---

### THAT CAUTION SHOULD BE USED IN LOVE.

1 TAKE heed by time, lest ye be spied:  
Your loving eyes can it not hide,  
At last the truth will sure be tried;  
Therefore, take heed!

2 For some there be of crafty kind,  
Though you show no part of your mind,  
Surely their eyes can ye not blind;  
Therefore, take heed!

3 For in like case theirselves hath been,  
And thought right sure none had them seen,  
But it was not as they did ween,  
Therefore, take heed!

4 Although they be of divers schools,  
And well can use all crafty tools,  
At length they prove themselves but fools.  
Therefore, take heed!

5 If they might take you in that trap,  
They would soon leave it in your lap;  
To love unspied is but a hap;  
Therefore, take heed!

AN EARNEST REQUEST  
TO HIS CRUEL MISTRESS EITHER TO PITY HIM,  
OR LET HIM DIE.

- 1 At last withdraw your cruelty,  
Or let me die at once;  
It is too much extremity,  
Devised for the nonce,  
To hold me thus alive,  
In pain still for to drive:  
What may I more sustain,  
Alas! that die would fain,  
And cannot die for pain?
- 2 For to the flame wherewith ye burn,  
My thought and my desire,  
When into ashes it should turn  
My heart, by fervent fire,  
Ye send a stormy rain  
That doth it quench again,  
And make mine eyes express,  
The tears that do redress<sup>1</sup>  
My life, in wretchedness.
- 3 Then when these should have drown'd,  
And overwhelm'd my heart,  
The heart doth them confound,  
Renewing all my smart;  
Then doth flame increase,  
My torment cannot cease;  
My woe doth then revive,  
And I remain alive,  
With death still for to strive

<sup>1</sup> ‘Redress:’ recover.

4 But if that ye would have my death,  
And that ye would none other,  
Shortly then for to spend my breath,  
Withdraw the one, or t'other ;  
For thus your cruelty  
Doth let itself doubtless ;  
And it is reason why !  
No man alive, nor I,  
Of double death can die.

---

### THE ABUSED LOVER REPROACHETH HIS FALSE MISTRESS OF DISSIMULATION.

1 To wet your eye withouten tear,  
And in good health to feign disease,  
That you thereby mine eyen might blear,  
Therewith your other friends to please ;  
And though ye think ye need not fear,  
Yet so ye can not me appease ;  
But as ye list fawn, flatter, or glose,  
Ye shall not win, if I do lose.

2 Prate, and paint, and spare not,  
Ye know I can me wreak ;  
And if so be ye can so not,  
Be sure I do not reck ;  
And though ye swear it were not,  
I can both swear and speak .  
By God, and by this cross,  
If I have the mock, ye shall have the loss.

---

HE BEWAILES HIS HARD FATE THAT  
THOUGH BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS HE STILL LIVES IN PAIN.

- 1 I LOVE, loved ; and so doth she,  
    And yet in love we suffer still ;  
The cause is strange as seemeth me,  
    To love so well, and want our will.
- 2 O deadly yea! O grievous smart!  
    Worse than refuse, unhappy gain !  
In love who ever play'd this part,  
    To love so well, and live in pain ?
- 3 Were ever hearts so well agreed,  
    Since love was love as I do trow,  
That in their love so evil did speed,  
    To love so well, and live in woe ?
- 4 Thus mourn we both, and hath done long,  
    With woful plaint and careful voice ;  
Alas! it is a grievous wrong,  
    To love so well, and not rejoice.
- 5 Send here an end of all our moan,  
    With sighing oft my breath is scant ;  
Since of mishap ours is alone,  
    To love so well, and yet to want.
- 6 But they that causers be of this,  
    Of all our cares God send them part ;  
That they may know what grief it is,  
    To love so well, and live in smart.

A COMPLAINT OF THE FALSENESS  
OF LOVE.

1 It is a grievous smart,  
 To suffer pain and sorrow;  
 But most grieveth my heart,  
 He laid his faith to borrow;<sup>1</sup>  
 And falsehood hath his faith and troth,  
 And he foresworn by many an oath.

2 All ye lovers, perdie!  
 Hath cause to blame his deed,  
 Which shall example be,  
 To let you of your speed;  
 Let never woman again  
 Trust to such words as man can feign.

3 For I unto my cost  
 Am warning to you all;  
 That they whom you trust most  
 Soonest deceive you shall;  
 But complaint cannot redress,  
 Of my great grief the great excess.

4 Farewell all my welfare!  
 My shoe is trod awry.  
 Now may I cark and care,  
 To sing lullaby! lullaby!  
 Alas! what shall I do thereto?  
 There is no shift to help me now.

5 Who made it such offence,  
 To love for love again;

<sup>1</sup> 'Borrow:' as surety.

God wot! that my pretence  
 Was but to ease his pain;  
 For I had ruth to see his woe:  
Alas! more fool! why did I so!

6 For he from me is gone,  
 And makes thereat a game;  
 And hath left me alone,  
 To suffer sorrow and shame;  
Alas! he is unkind doubtless,  
 To leave me thus all comfortless.

---

### THE LOVER SUEETH THAT HIS SERVICE MAY BE ACCEPTED.

1 THE heart and service to you proffer'd  
 With right good will full honestly,  
 Refuse it not since it is offer'd,  
 But take it to you gently.

2 And though it be a small present,  
 Yet good, consider graciously,  
 The thought, the mind, and the intent  
 Of him that loves you faithfully.

3 It were a thing of small effect  
 To work my woe thus cruelly;  
 For my good will to be object,  
 Therefore accept it lovingly.

4 Pain, or travail; to run, or ride,  
 I undertake it pleasantly;  
 Bid ye me go, and straight I glide,  
 At your commandment humbly.

5 Pain or pleasure now may you plant,  
   Even which it please you steadfastly;  
   Do which you list, I shall not want  
   To be your servant secretly.

6 And since so much I do desire,  
   To be your own assuredly;  
   For all my service, and my hire  
   Reward your servant liberally.

---

OF THE PAINS AND SORROWS CAUSED  
   BY LOVE.

1 WHAT meaneth this! when I lie alone  
   I toss, I turn, I sigh, I groan;  
   My bed me seems as hard as stone:  
     What means this?

2 I sigh, I plain continually;  
   The clothes that on my bed do lie,  
   Always methink they lie awry;  
     What means this?

3 In slumbers oft for fear I quake;  
   For heat and cold I burn and shake;  
   For lack of sleep my head doth ake;  
     What means this?

4 A mornings then when I do rise,  
   I turn unto my wonted guise,  
   All day after muse and devise;  
     What means this?

5 And if perchance by me there pass,  
   She, unto whom I sue for grace,

The cold blood forsaketh my face;  
What means this?

6 But if I sit near her by,  
With loud voice my heart doth cry,  
And yet my mouth is dumb and dry;  
What means this?

7 To ask for help no heart I have;  
My tongue doth fail what I should crave;  
Yet inwardly I rage and rave;  
What means this?

8 Thus have I passed many a year,  
And many a day, though nought appear,  
But most of that that most I fear;  
What means this?

---

#### THE LOVER RECOUNTETH THE VARIABLE FANCY OF HIS FICKLE MISTRESS.

1 Is it possible?  
That so high debate,  
So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,  
Should end so soon, and was begun so late.  
Is it possible?

2 Is it possible?  
So cruel intent,  
So hasty heat, and so soon spent,  
From love to hate, and thence for to relent,  
Is it possible?

3 Is it possible?  
That any may find,

Within one heart so diverse mind,  
 To change or turn as weather and wind,  
 Is it possible?

4 Is it possible?  
 To spy it in an eye,  
 That turns as oft as chance or die,  
 The truth whereof can any try;  
 Is it possible?

5 It is possible,  
 For to turn so oft;  
 To bring that low'st that was most aloft;  
 And to fall highest, yet to light soft;  
 It is possible!

6 All is possible!  
 Whoso list believe,  
 Trust therefore first and after preve;  
 As men wed ladies by license and leave;  
 All is possible!

### THE ABUSED LOVER

BEWAILES THE TIME THAT EVER HIS EYE BEHELD HER TO  
 WHOM HE HAD GIVEN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

1 ALAS! poor man, what hap have I,  
 That must forbear that I love best!  
 I trow, it be my destiny,  
 Never to live in quiet rest.

2 No wonder is though I complain;  
 Not without cause ye may be sure;  
 I seek for that I cannot attain,  
 Which is my mortal displeasure.

3 Alas! poor heart, as in this case  
     With pensive plaint thou art opprest;  
     Unwise thou were to desire place  
         Whereas another is possest.

4 Do what I can to ease thy smart,  
     Thou wilt not let to love her still;  
     Hers, and not mine I see thou art;  
         Let her do by thee as she will.

5 A careful carcass full of pain  
     Now hast thou left to mourn for thee,  
     The heart once gone, the body is slain;  
         That ever I saw her woe is me;

6 Mine eye, alas! was cause of this,  
     Which her to see had never his fill;  
     To me that sight full bitter is,  
         In recompense of my good will.

7 She that I serve all other above  
     Hath paid my hire, as ye may see;  
     I was unhappy, and that I prove,  
         To love above my poor degree.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

1 AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
     Say nay! say nay! for shame!  
     To save thee from the blame  
         Of all my grief and grame.<sup>1</sup>  
     And wilt thou leave me thus?  
         Say nay! say nay!

<sup>1</sup> ‘Grame:’ sorrow.

2 And wilt thou leave me thus  
 That hath loved thee so long,  
 In wealth and woe among?  
 And is thy heart so strong  
 As for to leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

3 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 That hath given thee my heart  
 Never for to depart,  
 Neither for pain nor smart:  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

4 And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 And have no more pity,  
 Of him that loveth thee?  
 Alas! thy cruelty!  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

### HE REMEMBERETH THE PROMISE

HIS LADY ONCE GAVE HIM OF AFFECTION, AND  
 COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH HOPE.

1 THAT time that mirth did steer my ship,  
 Which now is fraught with heaviness;  
 And Fortune beat not then the lip,  
 But was defence of my distress,  
 Then in my book wrote my mistress;  
 'I am yours, you may well be sure;  
 And shall be while my life doth dure.'

2 But she herself which then wrote that  
 Is now mine extreme enemy;

Above all men she doth me hate,  
 Rejoicing of my misery.  
 But though that for her sake I die,  
 I shall be hers, she may be sure,  
 As long as my life doth endure.

3 It is not time that can wear out  
     With me, that once is firmly set;  
 While Nature keeps her course about  
     My love from her no man can let.<sup>1</sup>  
     Though never so sore they me threat,  
 Yet I am hers, she may be sure;  
     And shall be while that life doth dure.

4 And once I trust to see that day,  
     Renewer of my joy and wealth,  
 That she to me these words shall say;  
     ‘In faith! welcome to me myself!  
     Welcome my joy! welcome my health,  
 For I am thine, thou mayst be sure,  
     And shall be while that life doth dure.’

5 Aye me! alas! what words were these!  
     Incontinent<sup>2</sup> I might find them so!  
 I reck not what smart or disease  
     I suffered, so that I might know  
     [After my passèd pain and woe]  
 That she were mine; and might be sure  
     She should [be] while that life doth dure.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Let:’ hinder.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Incontinent:’ soon, immediately.

THAT ALL HIS JOY DEPENDETH ON HIS  
LADY'S FAVOUR.

- 1 As power and wit will me assist,  
My will shall will even as ye list.  
For as ye list my will is bent  
In every thing to be content,  
To serve in love 'till life be spent ;  
So you reward my love thus meant,  
Even as ye list.
- 2 To feign, or fable is not my mind,  
Nor to refuse such as I find ;  
But as a lamb of humble kind,  
Or bird in cage to be assign'd,  
Even as ye list.
- 3 When all the flock is come and gone  
Mine eye and heart agree'th in one,  
Hath chosen you, only, alone,  
To be my joy, or else my moan,  
Even as ye list.
- 4 Joy, if pity appear in place ;  
Moan, if disdain do show his face ;  
Yet crave I not as in this case,  
But as ye lead to follow the trace,  
Even as ye list.
- 5 Some in words much love can feign ;  
And some for words give words again :  
Thus words for words in words remain,  
And yet at last words do obtain  
Even as ye list.

6 To crave in words I will eschew  
And love in deed I will ensue ;  
It is my mind both whole and true,  
And for my truth I pray you rue  
Even as ye list.

7 Dear heart ! I bid your heart farewell,  
With better heart than tongue can tell ;  
Yet take this tale, as true as gospel,  
Ye may my life save or expel  
Even as ye list.

---

HE PROMISETH TO REMAIN FAITHFUL  
WHATEVER FORTUNE BETIDE.

1 SOMETIME I sigh, sometime I sing ;  
Sometime I laugh, sometime mourning  
As one in doubt, this is my saying,  
Have I displeased you in any thing ?

2 Alack ! what aileth you to be grieved ?  
Right sorry am I that ye be moved.  
I am your own, if truth be proved ;  
And by your displeasure as one mischiev'd.

3 When ye be merry then am I glad ;  
When ye be sorry then am I sad ;  
Such grace or fortune I would I had  
You for to please howe'er I were bestad.

4 When ye be merry why should I care ?  
Ye are my joy, and my welfare,  
I will you love, I will not spare  
Into your presence, as far as I dare.

5 All my poor heart, and my love true,  
While life doth last I give it you ;  
And you to serve with service due,  
And never to change you for no new.

---

## THE FAITHFUL LOVER WISHETH ALL EVIL

MAY BEFALL HIM IF HE FORSAKE HIS LADY.

- 1 THE knot which first my heart did strain,  
When that your servant I became,  
Doth bind me still for to remain,  
Always your own as now I am ;  
And if you find that I do feign,  
With just judgment myself I damn,  
To have disdain.
- 2 If other thought in me do grow  
But still to love you steadfastly ;  
If that the proof do not well show  
That I am yours assuredly ;  
Let every wealth turn me to woe,  
And you to be continually  
My chiefest foe.
- 3 If other love, or new request,  
Do seize my heart, but only this ;  
Or if within my wearied breast  
Be hid one thought that means amiss,  
I do desire that mine unrest  
May still increase, and I to miss  
That I love best.
- 4 If in my love there be one spot  
Of false deceit or doubleness ;

Or if I mind to slip this knot  
 By want of faith or steadfastness;  
 Let all my service be forgot,  
 And when I would have chief redress,  
 Esteem me not.

5 But if that I consume in pain  
 Of burning sighs and fervent love;  
 And daily seek none other gain,  
 But with my deed these words to prove;  
 Methink of right I should obtain  
 That ye would mind for to remove  
 Your great disdain.

6 And for the end of this my song,  
 Unto your hands I do submit  
 My deadly grief, and pains so strong  
 Which in my heart be firmly shytt,<sup>1</sup>  
 And when ye list, redress my wrong:  
 Since well ye know this painful fit  
 Hath last too long.

### OF FORTUNE, LOVE, AND FANTASY.

1 It was my choice; it was no chance  
 That brought my heart in other's hold;  
 Whereby it hath had sufferance  
 Longer, perdie, than reason wold.  
 Since I it bound where it was free  
 Methinks, y-wis,<sup>2</sup> of right it should  
 Accepted be.

2 Accepted be without refuse;  
 Unless that Fortune have the power

<sup>1</sup> 'Shytt:' shut.—<sup>2</sup> 'Y-wis:' certainly.

All right of love for to abuse.  
 For as they say one happy hour  
 May more prevail than right or might;  
 If Fortune then list for to lower,  
 What 'vaileth right?

3 What 'vaileth right if this be true!  
 Then trust to chance, and go by guess:  
 Then whoso loveth may well go sue  
 Uncertain hope for his redress.  
 Yet some would say assuredly  
 Thou mayst appeal for thy release  
 To Fantasy.<sup>1</sup>

4 To Fantasy pertains to choose!  
 All this I know: for Fantasy  
 First unto love did me induce;  
 But yet I know as steadfastly,  
 That if love have no faster knot,  
 So nice a choice slips suddenly;  
 It lasteth not.

5 It lasteth not, that stands by change;  
 Fancy doth change; Fortune is frail;  
 Both these to please the way is strange.  
 Therefore methinks best to prevail,  
 There is no way that is so just  
 As truth to lead; the t'other fail,  
 And thereto trust.

<sup>1</sup> 'Fantasy:' fancy.

## DESERTED BY HIS MISTRESS,

HE RENOUNCETH ALL JOY FOR EVER.

- 1 HEART oppress'd with desperate thought,  
Is forcèd ever to lament;  
Which now in me so far hath wrought,  
That needs to it I must consent:  
Wherfore all joy I do refuse,  
And cruel will thereof accuse.
- 2 If cruel will had not been guide,  
Despair in me had [found] no place;  
For my true meaning she well espied;  
Yet for all that would give no grace;  
Wherfore all joy I do refuse,  
And cruel will thereof accuse.
- 3 She might well see, and yet would not;  
And may daily, if that she will;  
How painful is my hapless lot;  
Joined with despair me for to spill;  
Wherfore all joy I do refuse,  
And cruel will thereof accuse.

---

THAT NO WORDS MAY EXPRESS THE  
CRAFTY TRAINS OF LOVE.

- 1 FULL well it may be seen  
To such as understand,  
How some there be that ween  
They have their wealth at hand:  
Through love's abused band  
But little do they see  
The abuse wherein they be.

2 Of love there is a kind  
Which kindleth by abuse ;  
As in a feeble mind  
Whom fancy may induco  
By love's deceitful use,  
To follow the fond lust  
And proof of a vain trust.

3 As I myself may say,  
By trial of the same ;  
No wight can well bewray  
That falsehood love can frame ;  
I say, 'twixt grief and game,  
There is no living man  
That knows the craft love can.

4 For love so well can feign  
To favour for the while ;  
That such as seeks the gain  
Are servèd with the guile ;  
And some can this concile<sup>1</sup>  
To give the simple leave  
Themselves for to deceive.

5 What thing may more declare  
Of love the crafty kind,  
Than see the wise so ware,  
In love to be so blind ;  
If so it be assign'd ;  
Let them enjoy the gain,  
That thinks it worth the pain.

<sup>1</sup> Concile : ' reconcile.

---

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE EXCUSETH  
THE FOLLY OF LOVING.

- 1 SINCE love is such as that ye wot  
    Cannot always be wisely used;  
I say therefore then blame me not,  
    Though I therein have been abused.  
    For as with cause I am accused,  
Guilty I grant such was my lot;  
    And though it cannot be excused,  
Yet let such folly be forgot.
- 2 For in my years of reckless youth  
    Methought the power of love so great,  
That to his laws I bound my truth,  
    And to my will there was no let.  
    Me list no more so far to fet;<sup>1</sup>  
Such fruit! lo! as of love ensu'th;  
    The gain was small that was to get,  
And of the loss the less the ruth.
- 3 And few there is but first or last,  
    A time in love once shall they have;  
And glad I am my time is past,  
    Henceforth my freedom to withsave.<sup>2</sup>  
    Now in my heart there shall I grave  
The granted grace that now I taste;  
    Thanked be fortune that me gave  
So fair a gift, so sure and fast.
- 4 Now such as have me seen ere this,  
    When youth in me set forth his kind,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Fet:’ fetch.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Withsave:’ preserve.

And folly framed my thought amiss,  
 The fault whereof now well I find;  
 Lo! since that so it is assign'd,  
 That unto each a time there is,  
 Then blame the lot that led my mind,  
 Some time to live in lovè's bliss.

5 But from henceforth I do protest,  
 By proof of that that I have past,  
 Shall never cease within my breast  
 The power of love so late outcast:  
 The knot thereof is knit full fast,  
 And I thereto so sure profess'd  
 For evermore with me to last  
 The power wherein I am possess'd.

---

### THE DOUBTFUL LOVER

RESOLVETH TO BE ASSURED WHETHER HE IS TO LIVE  
 IN JOY OR WOE.

1 Lo! how I seek and sue to have  
 That no man hath, and may be had;  
 There is [no] more but sink or save,  
 And bring this doubt to good or bad.  
 To live in sorrows always sad,  
 I like not so to linger forth;  
 Hap evil or good I shall be glad  
 To take that comes, as well in worth.<sup>1</sup>

2 Should I sustain this great distress,  
 Still wandering forth thus to and fro,

<sup>1</sup> 'Worth:' meekly, patiently.

In dreadful hope to hold my peace,  
 And feed myself with secret woe?  
 Nay! nay! certain, I will not so!  
 But sure I shall myself apply  
 To put in proof this doubt to know,  
 And rid this danger readily.

3 I shall assay by secret suit  
 To shew the mind of mine intent;  
 And my deserts shall give such fruit  
 As with my heart my words be meant;  
 So by the proof of this consent  
 Soon out of doubt I shall be sure,  
 For to rejoice, or to repent,  
 In joy, or pain for to endure.

---

#### OF THE EXTREME TORMENT ENDURED BY THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

1 My love is like unto th' eternal fire,  
 And I, as those which therein do remain;  
 Whose grievous pains is but their great desire  
 To see the sight which they may not attain:  
 So in hell's heat myself I feel to be,  
 That am restrain'd by great extremity,  
 The sight of her which is so dear to me.  
 O! puissant Love! and power of great avail!  
 By whom hell may be felt ere death assail!

---

HE BIDDETH FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND  
MISTRESS.

- 1 SINCE so ye please to hear me plain,  
    And that ye do rejoice my smart;  
Me list no longer to remain  
    To such as be so overthwart:
- 2 But cursèd be that cruel heart  
    Which hath procur'd a careless mind,  
For me and mine unfeigned smart;  
    And forceth me such faults to find.
- 3 More than too much I am assured  
    Of thine intent, whereto to trust;  
A speedless<sup>1</sup> proof I have endured;  
    And now I leave it to them that lust.

---

HE REPENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER  
LOVED.

- 1 Now must I learn to live at rest,  
    And wean me of my will;  
For I repent where I was prest<sup>2</sup>  
    My fancy to fulfil.
- 2 I may no longer more endure  
    My wonted life to lead;  
But I must learn to put in ure<sup>3</sup>  
    The change of womanhed.
- 3 I may not see my service long  
    Rewarded in such wise;

<sup>1</sup> ‘Speedless:’ ineffectual.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Prest:’ ready.—<sup>3</sup> ‘In ure:’ in practice.

Nor I may not sustain such wrong  
 That ye my love despise.

- 4 I may not sigh in sorrow deep,  
 Nor wail the want of love;  
 Nor I may neither crouch nor creep  
 Where it doth not behove.
- 5 But I of force must needs forsake  
 My faith so fondly set;  
 And from henceforth must undertake  
 Such folly to forget.
- 6 Now must I seek some other ways  
 Myself for to withsave;<sup>1</sup>  
 And as I trust by mine essays  
 Some remedy to have.
- 7 I ask none other remedy  
 To recompense my wrong;  
 But once to have the liberty  
 That I have lack'd so long.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS  
 NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND  
 TRUE INTENT.

- 1 FORGET not yet the tried intent  
 Of such a truth as I have meant;  
 My great travail so gladly spent,  
 Forget not yet!
- 2 Forget not yet when first began  
 The weary life ye know, since whan

<sup>1</sup> 'Withsave:' preserve.

The suit, the service none tell can;  
 Forget not yet!

3 Forget not yet the great assays,  
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
 The painful patience in delays,  
 Forget not yet!

4 Forget not! oh! forget not this,  
 How long ago hath been, and is  
 The mind that never meant amiss,  
 Forget not yet!

5 Forget not then thine own approved,  
 The which so long hath thee so loved,  
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:  
 Forget not this!

---

HE BEWALES THE PAIN HE ENDURES  
 WHEN BANISHED FROM THE MISTRESS OF  
 HIS HEART.

O! MISERABLE sorrow, withouten cure!  
 If it please thee, lo! to have me thus suffer,  
 At least yet let her know what I endure,  
 And this my last voice carry thou thither,  
 Where lived my hope, now dead for ever:  
 For as ill grievous is my banishment,  
 As was my pleasure when she was present.

---

HE COMPARES HIS SUFFERINGS TO THOSE  
OF TANTALUS.

THE fruit of all the service that I serve  
Despair doth reap; such hapless hap have I.  
But though he have no power to make me swerve,  
Yet by the fire for cold I feel I die.  
In paradise for hunger still I sterve,  
And in the flood for thirst to death I dry;  
So Tantalus am I, and in worse pain,  
Amidst my help that helpless doth remain.

---

THAT NOTHING MAY ASSUAGE HIS PAIN  
SAVE ONLY HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

- 1 If with complaint the pain might be express'd  
That inwardly doth cause me sigh and groan;  
Your hard heart, and your cruel breast  
Should sigh and plain for my unrest;  
And though it were of stone,  
Yet should remorse cause it relent and moan.
  
- 2 But since it is so far out of measure,  
That with my words I can it not contain,  
My only trust! my heart's treasure!  
Alas! why do I still endure  
This restless smart and pain?  
Since if ye list ye may my woe restrain.

---

THE LOVER PRAYETH  
THAT HIS LONG SUFFERINGS MAY AT LENGTH FIND  
RECOMPENSE.

- 1 YE know my heart, my Lady dear!  
That since the time I was your thrall  
I have been yours both whole and clear,  
Though my reward hath been but small;  
So am I yet, and more than all.  
And ye know well how I have served,  
As if ye prove it shall appear,  
How well, how long,  
How faithfully!  
And suffered wrong,  
How patiently!  
Then since that I have never swerved,  
Let not my pains be undeserved.
- 2 Ye know also, though ye say nay,  
That you alone are my desire;  
And you alone it is that may  
Assuage my fervent flaming fire.  
Succour me then, I you require!  
Ye know it were a just request,  
Since ye do cause my heat, I say,  
If that I burn,  
It will ye warm,  
And not to turn,  
All to my harm,  
Lending such flame from frozen breast  
Against nature for my unrest.
- 3 And I know well how scornfully  
Ye have mista'en my true intent;

And hitherto how wrongfully,  
I have found cause for to repent.  
But if your heart doth not relent,  
Since I do know that this ye know,  
Ye shall slay me all wilfully.  
For me, and mine,  
And all I have,  
Ye may assign,  
To spill or save.  
Why are ye then so cruel foe  
Unto your own, that loves you so?

---

### HE DESCRIBETH THE CEASELESS TORMENTS OF LOVE.

- 1 SINCE you will needs that I shall sing,  
    Take it in worth<sup>1</sup> such as I have;  
    Plenty of plaint, moan, and mourning,  
    In deep despair and deadly pain.  
    Bootless for boot, crying to crave;  
        To crave in vain.
  
- 2 Such hammers work within my head  
    That sound nought else unto my ears,  
    But fast at board, and wake a-bed:  
    Such tune the temper to my song  
    To wail my wrong, that I want tears  
        To wail my wrong.
  
- 3 Death and despair afore my face,  
    My days decay, my grief doth grow;  
    The cause thereof is in this place,

<sup>1</sup> ‘In worth :’ patiently.

Whom cruelty doth still constrain  
 For to rejoice, though I be woe,  
 To hear me plain.

4 A broken lute, untuned strings,  
   With such a song may well bear part,  
 That neither pleaseth him that sings,  
   Nor them that hear, but her alone  
 That with her heart would strain my heart  
   To hear it groan.

5 If it grieve you to hear this same,  
   That you do feel but in my voice,  
 Consider then what pleasant game  
   I do sustain in every part,  
 To cause me sing or to rejoice  
   Within my heart.

---

THAT THE SEASON OF ENJOYMENT IS SHORT,  
 AND SHOULD NOT PASS BY NEGLECTED.

3 Me list no more to sing  
   Of love, nor of such thing,  
 How sore that it me wring;  
   For what I sung or spake,  
 Men did my songs mistake.

2 My songs were too diffuse;  
   They made folk to muse;  
 Therefore me to excuse,  
   They shall be sung more plain,  
 Neither of joy nor pain.

3 What vaileth then to skip  
 At fruit over the lip  
 . . . . .  
 For fruit withouten taste  
 Doth nought but rot and waste.

4 What vaileth under kay<sup>1</sup>  
 To keep treasure alway,  
 That never shall see day.  
 If it be not used,  
 It is but abused.

5 What vaileth the flower  
 To stand still and wither;  
 If no man it savour  
 It serves only for sight,  
 And fadeth towards night.

6 Therefore fear not to assay  
 To gather, ye that may,  
 The flower that this day  
 Is fresher than the next.  
 Mark well I say this text:

7 Let not the fruit be lost  
 That is desired most;  
 Delight shall quite<sup>2</sup> the cost.  
 If it be ta'en in time  
 Small labour is to climb.

8 And as for such treasure  
 That maketh thee the richer,  
 And no deal the poorer

<sup>1</sup> 'Kay:' key.—<sup>2</sup> 'Quite:' requisite.

When it is given or lent,  
Methinks it were well spent.

9 If this be under mist,  
And not well plainly wist,  
Understand me who list,  
For I reck not a bean;  
I wot what I do mean.

---

THAT THE PAIN HE ENDURED SHOULD  
NOT MAKE HIM CEASE FROM LOVING.

1 THE joy so short, alas! the pain so near,  
The way so long, the departure so smart;  
The first sight, alas! I bought too dear,  
That so suddenly now from hence must part.  
The body gone, yet remain shall the heart  
With her, the which for me salt tears doth rain;  
And shall not change till that we meet again.

2 The time doth pass, yet shall not my love;  
Though I be far, always my heart is near.  
Though other change, yet will not I remove;  
Though other care not, yet love I will and fear;  
Though other hate, yet will I love my dear;  
Though other will of lightness say 'Adieu,'  
Yet will I be found steadfast and true.

3 When other laugh, alas! then do I weep;  
When other sing, then do I wail and cry;  
When other run, perforced I am to creep;  
When other dance, in sorrow I do lie;  
When other joy, for pain well near I die;  
Thus brought from wealth, alas! to endless pain,  
That undeserved, causeless to remain.

## THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

1 ‘How should I  
     Be so pleasant,  
     In my semblant,<sup>1</sup>  
     As my fellows be?’

2 Not long ago,  
     It chanced so,  
         As I did walk alone;  
     I heard a man,  
     That now and than  
         Himself did thus bemoan:

3 ‘Alas!’ he said,  
     ‘I am betray’d,  
         And utterly undone,  
     Whom I did trust,  
     And think so just,  
         Another man hath won.

4 My service due,  
     And heart so true,  
         On her I did bestow;  
     I never meant  
     For to repent,  
         In wealth, nor yet in woe.

5 Each western wind  
     Hath turned her mind,  
         And blown it clean away;  
     Thereby my wealth,  
     My mirth and health  
         Are driven to great decay.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Semblant:’ appearance.

6 Fortune did smile  
A right short while,  
And never said me nay;  
With pleasant plays,  
And joyful days,  
My time to pass away.

7 Alas! alas!  
The time so was,  
So never shall it be,  
Since she is gone,  
And I alone  
Am left as you may see.

8 Where is the oath,  
Where is the troth,  
That she to me did give?  
Such feigned words,  
With sely boundes,<sup>1</sup>  
Let no wise man believe.

9 For even as I,  
Thus wofully,  
Unto myself complain:  
If ye then trust,  
Needs learn ye must,  
To sing my song in vain.

10 How should I  
Be so pleasant,  
In my semblant,  
As my fellows be?"

<sup>1</sup> 'Boundes:' jests.

THAT FAITH IS DEAD, AND TRUE LOVE  
DISREGARDED.

- 1 WHAT should I say!  
Since Faith is dead,  
And Truth away  
From you is fled?  
Should I be led  
With doubleness?  
Nay! nay! Mistress.
- 2 I promised you,  
And you promised me,  
To be as true,  
As I would be.  
But since I see  
Your double heart,  
Farewell my part!
- 3 Thought for to take,  
It is not my mind;  
But to forsake  
[One so unkind;]  
And as I find,  
So will I trust;  
Farewell, unjust!
- 4 Can ye say nay,  
But that you said  
That I alway  
Should be obey'd?  
And thus betray'd,  
Or that I wist!  
Farewell, unkiss'd!

## THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT HIS FAITHFUL HEART AND TRUE MEANING HAD  
NEVER MET WITH JUST REWARD.

- 1 GIVE place! all ye that doth rejoice,  
    And love's pangs hath clean forgot.  
    Let them draw near and hear my voice  
        Whom love doth force in pains to fret;  
    For all of plaint my song is set,  
        Which long hath served and nought can get.
- 2 A faithful heart so truly meant,  
    Rewarded is full slenderly;  
    A steadfast faith with good intent  
        Is recompensed craftily;  
    Such hap doth hap unhappily  
        To them that mean but honestly.
- 3 With humble suit I have essayed  
    To turn her cruel hearted mind;  
    But for reward I am delayed,  
        And to my wealth her eyes be blind.  
    Lo! thus by chance I am assign'd  
        With steadfast love to serve the unkind.
- 4 What vailthe truth, or steadfastness,  
    Or still to serve without repreef!  
    What vailthe faith or gentleness,  
        Where cruelty doth reign as chief!  
    Alas! there is no greater grief  
        Than for to love, and lack relief.
- 5 Care doth constrain me to complain  
    Of love, and her uncertainty,

Which granteth nought but great disdain,  
For loss of all my liberty.

Alas! this is extremity,  
For love to find such cruelty.

6 For love to find such cruelty,  
Alas! it is a careful lot;  
And for to void such mockery  
There is no way but slip the knot!  
The gain so cold, the pain so hot!  
Praise it who list, I like it not.

---

### THE FORSAKEN LOVER

CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE OF PAST  
HAPPINESS.

1 SPITE hath no power to make me sad,  
Nor scornfulness to make me plain.  
It doth suffice that once I had,  
And so to leave it is no pain.

2 Let them frown on that least doth gain,  
Who did rejoice must needs be glad;  
And though with words thou ween'st to reign  
It doth suffice that once I had.

3 Since that in checks thus overthwart,  
And coyly looks thou dost delight;  
It doth suffice that mine thou wert,  
Though change hath put thy faith to flight.

4 Alas! it is a peevish spite,  
To yield thyself and then to part;  
But since thou force thy faith so light,  
It doth suffice that mine thou wert.

5 And since thy love doth thus decline,  
     And in thy heart such hate doth grow;  
     It doth suffice that thou wert mine,  
     And with good will I quite it so.

6 Sometime my friend, farewell my foe,  
     Since thou change I am not thine;  
     But for relief of all my woe,  
     It doth suffice that thou wert mine.

7 Praying you all that hear this song,  
     To judge no wight, nor none to blame;  
     It doth suffice she doth me wrong,  
     And that herself doth know the same.

8 And though she change it is no shame,  
     Their kind it is, and hath been long:  
     Yet I protest she hath no name;  
     It doth suffice she doth me wrong.

HE COMPLAINETH TO HIS HEART  
 THAT HAVING ONCE RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM HE HAD  
 AGAIN BECOME THRALL TO LOVE.

1 Ah! my heart, what aileth thee  
     To set so light my liberty!  
     Making me bond when I was free:  
         Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

2 When thou were rid from all distress,  
     Void of all pain and pensiveness,  
     To choose again a new mistress;  
         Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

3 When thou were well thou could not hold:  
 To turn again, that were too bold;  
 Thus to renew my sorrows old,  
     Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

4 Thou know'st full well that but of late,  
 I was turned out of Love's gate:  
 And now to guide me to this mate!  
     Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

5 I hoped full well all had been done;  
 But now my hope is ta'en and won;  
 To my torment to yield so soon,  
     Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

### HE PROFESSETH INDIFFERENCE.

HATE whom ye list, for I care not;  
 Love whom ye list, and spare not;  
 Do what ye list, and dread not;  
 Think what ye list, I fear not;  
 For as for me I am not,  
 But even as one that recks not,  
 Whether ye hate or hate not,  
 For in your love I dote not;  
 Wherefore I pray you forget not;  
 But love whom ye list, for I care not.      10

### HE REJOICETH THAT HE HAD BROKEN THE SNARES OF LOVE.

1 TANGLED I was in Love's snare,  
 Oppress'd with pain, torment with care;  
 Of grief right sure, of joyfull bare,

Clean in despair by cruelty ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

- 2 The woful days so full of pain,  
The weary night all spent in vain,  
The labour lost for so small gain,  
To write them all it will not be ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 3 Every thing that fair doth show,  
When proof is made it proveth not so ;  
But turneth mirth to bitter woe,  
Which in this case full well I see ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 4 Too great desire was my guide,  
And wanton will went by my side,  
Hope ruled still and made me bide,  
Of Love's craft the extremity.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 5 With feigned words, which were but wind,  
To long delays I was assign'd ;  
Her wily looks my wits did blind ;  
Thus as she would I did agree.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 6 Was never bird tangled in lime  
That brake away in better time,  
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,

And had no hurt, but scaped free.  
Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

---

## THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LADY'S HEART MIGHT BE ENFLAMED WITH EQUAL  
AFFECTION.

1 Love doth again  
Put me to pain,  
And yet all is but lost.  
I serve in vain,  
And am certain,  
Of all misliked most.

2 Both heat and cold  
Doth so me hold,  
And comber so my mind ;  
That whom I should  
Speak and behold,  
It driveth me still behind.

3 My wits be past,  
My life doth waste,  
My comfort is exiled ;  
And I in haste,  
Am like to taste  
How love hath me beguiled.

4 Unless that right  
May in her sight  
Obtain pity and grace ;  
Why should a wight  
Have beauty bright,  
If mercy have no place ?

5 Yet I, alas !  
Am in such case,  
That back I cannot go;  
But still forth trace  
A patient pace,  
And suffer secret woe.

6 For with the wind  
My firèd mind  
Doth still inflame;  
And she unkind  
That did me bind,  
Doth turn it all to game.

7 Yet can no pain  
Make me refrain,  
Nor here and there to range;  
I shall retain  
Hope to obtain  
Her heart that is so strange.

8 But I require  
The painful fire,  
That oft doth make me sweat;  
For all my ire,  
With like desire,  
To give her heart a heat.

9 Then she shall prove  
How I her love,  
And what I have offer'd;  
Which should her move,  
For to remove  
The pains that I have suffer'd.

10 And better fee  
 Than she gave me,  
 She shall of me attain ;  
 For whereas she  
 Showed cruelty,  
 She shall my heart obtain.

---

THE DISDAINFUL LADY REFUSING TO HEAR  
 HER LOVER'S SUIT, HE RESOLVETH TO FORSAKE HER.

1 Now all of change  
 Must be my song,  
 And from my bond now must I break ;  
 Since she so strange,  
 Unto my wrong,  
 Doth stop her ears, to hear me speak.

2 Yet none doth know  
 So well as she,  
 My grief, which can have no restraint ;  
 That fain would follow,  
 Now needs must flee,  
 For fault of ear unto my plaint.

3 I am not he  
 By false assays,  
 Nor feigned faith can bear in hand ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Though most I see  
 That such always  
 Are best for to be understand.

4 But I, that truth  
 Hath always meant,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Bear in hand :’ to deceive.

Doth still proceed to serve in vain :  
Desire pursu'th  
My time misspent,  
And doth not pass upon my pain.

5 Of Fortune's might  
That each compels,  
And me the most, it doth suffice ;  
Now for my right  
To ask nought else  
But to withdraw this enterprise.

6 And for the gain  
Of that good hour,  
Which of my woe shall be relief ;  
I shall refrain  
By painful power,  
The thing that most hath been my grief.

7 I shall not miss  
To exercise  
The help thereof which doth me teach,  
That after this  
In any wise  
To keep right within my reach.

8 And she unjust  
Which feareth not  
In this her fame to be defiled,  
Yet once I trust  
Shall be my lot  
To quite the craft that me beguiled.

THE ABSENT LOVER FINDETH ALL HIS  
PAINS REDOUBLED.

- 1 ABSENCE, absenting causeth me to complain,  
My sorrowful complaints abiding in distress;  
And departing most privy increaseth my pain,  
Thus live I uncomforde wrapped all in heaviness.
- 2 In heaviness I am wrapped, devoid of all solace,  
Neither pastime nor pleasure can revive my dull wit,  
My spirits be all taken, and death doth me menace,  
With his fatal knife the thread for to kit.
- 3 For to kit the thread of this wretched life,  
And shortly bring me out of this case;  
I see it availeth not, yet must I be pensive,  
Since Fortune from me hath turned her face.
- 4 Her face she hath turned with countenance contrarious,  
And clean from her presence she hath exiled me,  
In sorrow remaining as a man most dolorous,  
Exempt from all pleasure and worldly felicity.
- 5 All worldly felicity now am I private,<sup>1</sup>  
And left in desart most solitarily,  
Wandering all about as one without mate;  
My death approacheth; what remedy!
- 6 What remedy, alas! to rejoice my woful heart,  
With sighs suspiring<sup>2</sup> most ruefully;  
Now welcome! I am ready to depart;  
Farewell all pleasure! welcome pain and smart!

<sup>1</sup> ‘Private:’ deprived.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Suspiring:’ sighing.

## HE SEEKETH COMFORT IN PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! for I have wrong,  
And dare not show wherein;  
Patience shall be my song;  
Since Truth can nothing win.  
Patience then for this fit;  
Hereafter comes not yet.

---

OF THE POWER OF LOVE OVER THE  
YIELDEN LOVER.

- 1 WILL ye see what wonders Love hath wrought?  
Then come and look at me.  
There need nowhere else to be sought,  
In me ye may them see.
- 2 For unto that, that men may see  
Most monstrous thing of kind,  
Myself may best compared be;  
Love hath me so assign'd.
- 3 There is a rock in the salt flood,  
A rock of such nature,  
That draweth the iron from the wood,  
And leaveth the ship unsure.
- 4 She is the rock, the ship am I;  
That rock my deadly foe,  
That draweth me there where I must die,  
And robbeth my heart me fro.
- 5 A bird there fleeth, and that but one,  
Of her this thing ensueth;

That when her days be spent and gone,  
With fire she reneweth.

6 And I with her may well compare  
My love, that is alone;  
The flame whereof doth aye repair  
My life when it is gone.

---

### HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

1 DEEM as ye list upon good cause,  
I may or think of this, or that;  
But what, or why myself best knows  
Whereby I think and fear not.  
    But thereunto I may well think  
The doubtful sentence of this clause;  
    'I would it were not as I think  
I would I thought it were not.'

2 For if I thought it were not so,  
Though it were so, it grieved me not;  
Unto my thought it were as though  
I hearkened though I hear not.  
    At that I see I cannot wink,  
Nor from my thought so let it go;  
    'I would it were not as I think;  
I would I thought it were not.'

3 Lo! how my thought might make me free,  
Of that perchance it needs not.  
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;  
I shrink at that I bear not.

But in my heart this word shall sink,  
 Until the proof may better be ;  
 ' I would it were not as I think ;  
 I would I thought it were not.'

4 If it be not, show no cause why  
 I should so think, then care I not ;  
 For I shall so myself apply  
 To be that I appear not.  
 That is, as one that shall not shrink  
 To be your own until I die ;  
 ' And if that be not as I think,  
 Likewise to think it is not.'

---

### THE RECURED LOVER

EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM, AND VOWETH TO REMAIN  
 FREE UNTIL DEATH.

1 I AM as I am, and so will I be ;  
 But how that I am, none knoweth truly,  
 Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,  
 I am as I am, and so will I be,

2 I lead my life indifferently ;  
 I mean nothing but honesty ;  
 And though folks judge full diversely,  
 I am as I am, and so will I die.

3 I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,  
 Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,  
 And use the means since folks will feign ;  
 Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.

4 Divers do judge as they do trow,  
 Some of pleasure and some of woe,

Yet for all that nothing they know;  
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

- 5 But since judgers do thus decay,  
Let every man his judgment say ;  
I will it take in sport and play,  
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.
- 6 Who judgeth well, well God him send ;  
Who judgeth evil, God them amend ;  
To judge the best therefore intend,  
For I am as I am, and so will I end.
- 7 Yet some there be that take delight  
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite ;  
But whether they judge me wrong or right,  
I am as I am, and so do I write.
- 8 Praying you all that this do read,  
To trust it as you do your creed ;  
And not to think I change my weed,  
For I am as I am, however I speed.
- 9 But how that is I leave to you ;  
Judge as ye list, false or true,  
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,  
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.
- 10 And from this mind I will not flee,  
But to you all that misjudge me,  
I do protest as ye may see  
That I am as I am, and so will be.

---

## POEMS.

WYATT'S COMPLAINT UPON LOVE TO  
REASON,  
WITH LOVE'S ANSWER.

- 1 MINE old dear enemy, my foward master,  
 Afore that Queen I caused to be acited,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which holdeth the divine part of our nature ;  
 That like as gold in fire, he might be tried :  
 Charged with dolour, there I me presented,  
 With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth  
 A wrongful death, and justice alway seeketh.
- 2 And thus I said : ‘Once my left foot, Madame,  
 When I was young, I set within his reign ;  
 Whereby other than fiery burning flame  
 I never felt, but many a grievous pain :  
 Torment I suffer’d, anger and disdain ;  
 That mine oppressed patience was past,  
 And I mine own life hated at the last.
- 3 Thus hitherto have I my time passed  
 In pain and smart : what ways profitable,  
 How many pleasant days have me escaped,  
 In serving this false liar so deceivable !  
 What wit have words so prest and forcible,  
 That may contain my great mishappiness,  
 And just complaints of his ungentleness !
- 4 Oh ! small honey, much aloes, and gall,  
 In bitterness, my blind life have I tasted :  
 His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Acited :’ summoned.

With fair and amorous dance, made me be traced;  
And where I had my thought, and mind araised  
From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure,  
Me from my rest he took, and set in error.

5 God made he me regardless, than I ought,  
    And to myself to take right little heed:  
And for a woman have I set at nought  
    All other thoughts, in this only to speed:  
    And he was only counsellor of this deed;  
Whetting always my youthful frail desire  
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.

6 But oh, alas, where had I ever wit,  
    Or other gift given to me of nature?  
That sooner shall be changed my wearied sprite  
    Than the obstinate will, that is my ruler:  
    So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure;  
This wicked traitor, whom I thus accuse:  
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.

7 He hath me hasted through divers regions;  
    Through desert woods, and sharp high mountains;  
Through froward people, and through bitter passions;  
    Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains;  
    With weary travel, and with laborious pains;  
Always in trouble and in tediousness,  
In all error, and dangerous distress.

8 But neither he nor she, my other foe,  
    For all my flight did ever me forsake:  
That though my timely death hath been so slow,  
    That me, as yet, it hath not overtakē:  
The heavenly gods of pity do it slake!

And note they this his cruel tyranny,  
That feeds him with my care, and misery!

9 Since I was his, hour rested I never,  
Nor look to do; and eke the wakey nights  
The banished sleep may in no wise recover.  
By guile and force, over my thralled sprites  
He is ruler; since which bell never strikes  
That I hear not as sounding my plaints to renew.  
Himself he knoweth that I say true.

10 For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,  
As he my heart, where he is resident,  
And doth the same with death daily threaten;  
Thence come the tears, and thence the bitter  
torment,  
The sighs, the words, and eke the languishment,  
That annoy both me, and peradventure other:  
Judge thou, that knowest the one, and eke the  
other.'

11 Mine adversare with such grievous reproof,  
Thus he began; 'Hear, Lady, the other part;  
That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,  
This unkind man may show, ere that I part:  
In his young age, I took him from that art,  
That selleth words, and make a clattering knight,  
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

12 Now shames he not on me for to complain,  
That held him evermore in pleasant game,  
From his desire, that might have been his pain:  
Yet thereby alone I brought him to some frame;  
Which now as wretchedness, he doth so blame;

And toward honour quickened I his wit,  
Where as a dastard else he might have sit.

13 He knoweth how great Atrides, that made Troy  
freat;<sup>1</sup>

And Hannibal to Rome so troublous;  
Whom Homer honoured, Achilles that great;  
And African Scipion, the famous;  
And many other, by much honour glorious;  
Whose fame and acts did lift them up above;  
I did let fall in base dishonest love.

14 And unto him, though he unworthy were,

I chose the best of many a million;  
That under sun yet never was her peer  
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion;  
And of my grace I gave her such a fashion,  
And eke such way I taught her for to teach,  
That never base thought his heart so high might  
reach.

15 Evermore thus to content his mistress,

That was his only frame of honesty,  
I stirred him still toward gentleness;  
And caused him to regard fidelity;  
Patience I taught him in adversity:  
Such virtues learned he in my great school;  
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant fool.

16 These were the same deceits, and bitter gall,

That I have used, the torment and the anger,  
Sweeter than ever did to other fall;  
Of right good seed ill fruit, lo, thus I gather;  
And so shall he that the unkind doth further:

<sup>1</sup> ‘Freat:’ waste.

A serpent nourish I under my wing,  
And now of nature 'ginneth he to sting.

17 And for to tell, at last, my great service;  
    From thousand dishonesties have I him drawen,  
That, by my means, him in no manner wise  
    Never vile pleasure once hath overthrownen;  
    Where in his deed, shame hath him always  
        gnawen;  
Doubting report that should come to her ear:  
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to fear.

18 Whatever he hath of any honest custom,  
    Of her, and me, that holds he every whit:  
But, lo, yet never was there nightly phantom  
    So far in error, as he is from his wit  
    To plain on us: he striveth with the bit,  
Which may rule him, and do him ease and pain,  
And in one hour make all his grief his gain.

19 But one thing yet there is, above all other:  
    I gave him wings, wherewith he might upfly  
To honour and fame; and if he would to higher  
    Than mortal things, above the starry sky:  
    Considering the pleasure that an eye  
Might give in earth, by reason of his love;  
What should that be that lasteth still above?

20 And he the same himself hath said ere this:  
    But now, forgotten is both that and I,  
That gave him her, his only wealth and bliss.'  
    And at this word, with deadly shriek and cry,  
    'Thou gave her once,' quod I, 'but by and by  
Thou took her ayen from me, that woe-worth thee!'  
    'Not I, but price; more worth than thou,' quod he.

21 At last, each other for himself concluded,  
 I trembling still, but he, with small reverence ;  
 ‘Lo, thus, as we each other have accused,  
 Dear lady, now we wait thine only sentence.’  
 She, smiling at the whisted<sup>1</sup> audience,  
 ‘It liketh me,’ quod she, ‘to have heard your  
 question,  
 But longer time doth ask a resolution.’

---

## COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.

So feeble is the thread, that doth the burden stay  
 Of my poor life ; in heavy plight, that falleth in decay ;  
 That, but it have elsewhere some aid or some succours,  
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.  
 For since the unhappy hour, that did<sup>2</sup> me to depart  
 From my sweet weal, one only hope hath stayed my  
 life apart :

Which doth persuade such words unto my sored mind,  
 ‘Maintain thyself, O woful wight, some better luck to  
 find :

For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,  
 Who can thee tell, if thy return be for thy more  
 delight ?

10

Or, who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once recover,  
 Some pleasant hour thy woe may wrap, and thee  
 defend and cover ?

Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained ;  
 But now, alas, I see it faint, and I by trust am trained.<sup>3</sup>  
 The time doth fleet, and I see how the hours do bend  
 So fast, that I have scant the space to mark my coming  
 end.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Whisted :’ silent.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Did :’ caused.—<sup>3</sup> ‘Trained :’ deceived.

Westward the sun from out the east scant shews his  
light,

17

When in the west he hides him straight, within the  
dark of night;

And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,  
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his  
journey lie.

The life so short, so frail, that mortal men live  
here;

So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies that we  
bear;

That when I think upon the distance and the space,  
That doth so far divide me from my dear desired  
face,

I know not how t' attain the wings that I require,  
To lift me up, that I might fly, to follow my desire.  
Thus of that hope, that doth my life something sustain,  
Alas! I fear, and partly feel, full little doth remain.  
Each place doth bring me grief, where I do not  
behold

Those lively eyes, which of my thoughts were wont  
the keys to hold,

30

Those thoughts were pleasant sweet, whilst I enjoy'd  
that grace;

My pleasure past, my present pain when I might well  
embrace.

And for because my want should more my woe  
increase;

In watch, in sleep, both day and night, my will doth  
never cease

That thing to wish, whereof since I did lose the  
sight,

Was never thing that might in ought my woful heart  
delight.

Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete      37  
 The floods, the seas, the lands, the hills, that doth  
 them intermete<sup>1</sup>

'Tween me, and those shene lights that wonted for  
 to clear

My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as  
 Phoebus' sphere.

It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,  
 The more to feel, by such record, how that my wealth  
 doth bate.

If such record, alas! provoke the inflamed mind,  
 Which sprang that day that I did leave the best of  
 me behind:

If love forget himself, by length of absence let,  
 Who doth me guide, O woful wretch, unto this  
 baited net

Where doth increase my care; much better were  
 for me,

As dumb as stone, all things forgot, still absent for  
 to be.

Alas, the clear crystal, the bright transplendent  
 glass

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which underneath  
 it has,      50

As doth th' accumbred<sup>2</sup> sprite the thoughtful throes  
 discover,

Of fierce delight, of fervent love, that in our hearts  
 we cover:

Out by these eyes it showeth, that evermore delight  
 In plaint and tears to seek redress, and eke both day  
 and night.

Those kinds of pleasure most wherein men so rejoice,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy sighs the voice.

<sup>1</sup> 'Intermete:' do interpose.—<sup>2</sup> 'Accumbred:' overwhelmed.

For I am one of them whom plaint doth well content,  
It fits me well mine absent wealth, me seems, for to  
lament;

58

And with my tears t' assay to charge mine eyes  
twain,

Like as my heart above the brink is fraughted full  
of pain:

And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to treat  
Do me provoke; I will return, my plaint thus to  
repeat:

For there is nothing else so toucheth me within;  
Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the case  
or skin:

Wherefore I shall return to them, as well, or spring,  
From whom descends my mortal woe, above all other  
thing.

So shall mine eyes in pain accompany my heart,  
That were the guides, that did it lead of love to feel  
the smart.

The crisped gold that doth surmount Apollo's pride;  
The lively streams of pleasant stars that under it doth  
glide;

70

Wherein the beams of love do still increase their heat,  
Which yet so far touch me so near, in cold to make  
me sweat:

The wise and pleasant talk, so rare, or else alone,  
That gave to me the courteous gift, that erst had never  
none:

Be far from me, alas! and every other thing  
I might forbear with better will, than this that did me  
bring,

With pleasant word and chere, redress of linger'd  
pain,

And wonted oft in kindled will to virtue me to train.

Thus am I forced to hear and hearken after news: 79  
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust  
renews.

And yet with more delight to moan my woful case,  
I must complain those hands, these arms, that firmly  
do embrace

Me from myself, and rule the stern of my poor life;  
The sweet disdains the pleasant wraths and eke the  
lovely strife,

That wonted well to tune, in temper just and meet,  
The rage, that oft did make me err, by furor undiscreet.  
All this is hid fro me, with sharp and ragged hills,  
At others' will my long abode my deep despair fulfils;  
And if my hope sometime rise up by some redress,  
It stumbleth straight, for feeble faint, my fear hath  
such excess. 90

Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desire,  
And yet I trust ere that I die to see that I require:  
The resting-place of love, where virtue dwells and  
grows,

There I desire my weary life sometime may take  
repose.

My song! thou shalt attain to find that pleasant  
place,

Where she doth live, by whom I live: may chance  
to have this grace,

When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I  
serve,

Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall  
she thee reserve:

Then tell her that I come, she shall me shortly see,  
And if for weight the body fail, the soul shall to her  
flee. 100

## THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted the wand'ring Troian knight,  
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force in Lybic  
sands to light ;  
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,  
With crisped locks on golden harp Iopas sang in  
song :  
' That same,' quod he, ' that we the World do call  
and name,  
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the very  
frame.  
Or thus, of heavenly powers, by more power kept  
in one ;  
Repugnant kinds, in mids of whom the earth hath  
place alone ;  
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place,  
and nurse ;  
Without the which in equal weight, this heaven doth  
hold his course : 10  
And it is call'd by name the first and moving heaven.  
The firmament is placed next, containing other seven.  
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and  
thick,  
As shining lights which we call stars, that therein  
cleave and stick :  
With great swift sway the first, and with his restless  
source,  
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even continual  
course.  
And of this world so round within that rolling case,  
Two points there be that never move, but firmly keep  
their place :

The one we see alway, the other stands object      19  
Against the same, dividing just the ground by line  
direct;

Which by imagination drawen from one to t'other  
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is  
none other:

And these be call'd the poles, described by stars not  
bright:

Arctic the one northward we see: Antarctic t'other  
hight.

The line, that we devise from the one to t'other so,  
As axle is; upon the which the heavens about do go;  
Which of water nor earth, of air, nor fire, have kind;  
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for  
man to find:

But they been uncorrupt, simple and pure unmix'd;  
And so we say been all those stars, that in those  
same be fix'd:      30

And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray;  
So call'd, because against that first they have re-  
pugnant way;

And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man;  
Too busy work for my poor harp; let sing them he  
that can.

The widest save the first, of all these nine above,  
One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree to  
move.

Of which degrees we make, in the first moving  
heaven,

Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly divided  
even.

And yet there is another between those heavens two,  
Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for  
now.      40

The seventh heaven, or the shell, next to the starry  
sky,  
All those degrees that gathereth up, with aged pace  
so sly:  
And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath  
been,  
In nine and twenty years complete, and days almost  
sixteen;  
Doth carry in his bowt,<sup>1</sup> the star of Saturn old,  
A threat'ner of all living things with drought and with  
his cold.  
The sixth whom this contains, doth stalk with younger  
pace,  
And in twelve year doth somewhat more than t'other's  
voyage was:  
And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,  
"Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defending  
sign.  
The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred  
days  
And twice eleven with one full year hath finish'd all  
those ways.  
A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,  
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein he  
sticks.  
The third that govern'd is by that that governs  
me,  
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we  
see,  
In like space doth perform that course, that did the  
other.  
So doth the next unto the same, that second is in  
order;

<sup>1</sup> 'Bowt:' orbit.

But it doth bear the star, that call'd is Mercury; 59  
 That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as calcars<sup>1</sup>  
 try.

That sky is last, and fix'd next us those ways hath  
 gone,

In seven-and-twenty common days, and eke the third  
 of one;

And beareth with his sway the diverse Moon about;  
 Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now  
 her light is out:

Thus have they of their own two movings all these  
 Seven;

One, wherein they be carried still, each in his several  
 heaven:

Another of themselves, where their bodies be laid  
 In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have said;  
 Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the  
 straight:

The starry sky hath but one course, that we have  
 call'd the eight. 70

And all these movings eight are meant from west to  
 east;

Although they seem to climb aloft, I say, from east to  
 west.

But that is but by force of their first moving sky,  
 In twice twelve hours from east to east, that carrieth  
 them by and by:

But mark we well also, these movings of these seven  
 Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven.  
 For they have their two poles directly t' one to  
 t' other,' &c.

<sup>1</sup> 'Calcars.' astrologers.

## SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS  
HE WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wondrous well,  
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;  
Of gladsome chere, all grief for to expel;  
With sober looks, so would I that it should  
Speak without word, such words as none can tell:  
Her tress also should be of crisped gold;  
With wit, and these perchance I might be tried,  
And knit again with knot, that should not slide.

---

## WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

Of purpose Love chose first for to be blind,  
For he with sight of that, that I behold,  
Vanquish'd had been, against all godly kind:  
His bow your hand, and truss should have unfold;  
And he with me to serve had been assign'd:  
But, for he blind and reckless would him hold,  
And still by chance his deadly strokes bestow;  
With such as see, I serve, and suffer woe.

---

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT  
DESIRE.

Desire, alas! my master and my foe,  
So sore alter'd thyself, how mayst thou see?  
Sometime thou seekest, and drives me to and fro;  
Sometime thou lead'st, that leadeth thee and me.

What reason is to rule thy subject so,  
 By forced law, and mutability?  
 For where by thee I doubted to have blame,  
 Even now by hate again I doubt the same.

---

## AGAINST HOARDERS OF MONEY.

For shamefast harm of great and hateful need,  
 In deep despair, as did a wretch go,  
 With ready cord out of his life to speed,  
 His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo!  
 Of gold, I say, where he prepar'd this deed,  
 And in exchange he left the cord tho.<sup>1</sup>  
 He that had hid the gold, and found it not,  
 Of that he found he shap'd his neck a knot.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.

VULCAN begat me, Minerva me taught,  
 Nature my mother, craft nourish'd me year by year;  
 Three bodies are my food, my strength is in nought;  
 Anger, wrath, waste, and noise are my children  
 dear;  
 Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought,  
 Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere:  
 Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend,  
 And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Tho.:’ then.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EAT HER CHILD  
AT THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

In doubtful breast whilst motherly pity  
With furious famine standeth at debate;  
The mother saith, 'O child unhappy,  
Return thy blood where thou hadst milk of late;  
Yield me those limbs that I made unto thee,  
And enter there where thou were generate;  
For of one body against all nature,  
To another must I make sepulture.'

---

TO HIS LOVE WHOM HE HAD KISSED  
AGAINST HER WILL.

ALAS, Madam, for stealing of a kiss,  
Have I so much your mind therein offended?  
Or have I done so grievously amiss,  
That by no means it may not be amended?  
Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;  
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended;  
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;  
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

---

OF THE JEALOUS MAN

THAT LOVED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS OTHER  
SITTING WITH HER.

THE wandering gadling<sup>1</sup> in the summer tide,  
That finds the adder with his reckless<sup>2</sup> foot,  
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside,  
As jealous despite did, though there were no boot,

<sup>1</sup> 'Gadling:' vagabond.—<sup>2</sup> 'Reckless:' reckless.

When that he saw me sitting by her side,  
 That of my health is very crop and root.  
 It pleased me then to have so fair a grace,  
 To sting the heart, that would have had my place.

---

### TO HIS LOVE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOVES.

WHAT needs these threatening words and wasted wind?  
 All this cannot make me restore my prey.  
 To rob your good, ywis<sup>1</sup> is not my mind:  
 Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.  
 Let Love be judge, or else whom next we find,  
 That may both hear what you and I can say.  
 She reft my heart, and I a glove from her:  
 Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

---

### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT DEADLY SICKNESS CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kind,  
 That with his cold withers away the green,  
 This other night me in my bed did find,  
 And offer'd me to rid my fever clean;  
 And I did grant, so did despair me blind:  
 He drew his bow with arrow sharp and keen,  
 And strake the place where Love had hit before;  
 And drove the first dart deeper more and more.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Ywis:’ assuredly, certainly.

---

## OF THE FEIGNED FRIEND.

RIGHT true it is, and said full yore ago;  
‘Take heed of him that by the back thee claweth:’  
For none is worse than is a friendly foe.  
Though thee seem good all thing that thee delighteth,  
Yet know it well, that in thy bosom creepeth:  
For many a man such fire oft-times he kindleth,  
That with the blaze his beard himself he singeth.

---

COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM  
FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

FROM these high hills as when a spring doth fall,  
It trilleth down with still and subtle course,  
Of this and that it gathers aye, and shall,  
Till it have just down flowed to stream, and force,  
Then at the foot it rageth over all:  
So fareth love, when he hath ta'en a source,  
Rage is his reign, resistance 'vaileth none,  
The first eschew is remedy alone.

---

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER  
FINGER WITH A NEEDLE.

SHE sat and sewed, that hath done me the wrong  
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day:  
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song  
She wish'd my heart the sampler, as it lay.  
The blind master, whom I have served so long,  
Grudging to hear that he did hear her say,  
Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,  
To feel if pricking were so good indeed.

## OF THE SAME.

WHAT man heard such cruelty before?

That, when my plaint remember'd her my woe,  
That caused it, she, cruel more and more,

Wished each stitch, as she did sit and sew,  
Had prick'd my heart for to increase my sore:

And, as I think, she thought it had been so:  
For as she thought, 'this is his heart indeed,'  
She pricked hard, and made herself to bleed.

THE LOVER THAT FLED LOVE NOW  
FOLLOWS IT WITH HIS HARM.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,

By sea, by land, by water, and by wind;  
And now the coals I follow that be quent,<sup>1</sup>

From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.

Lo! how desire is both forth sprung, and spent;

And he may see, that whilom was so blind,  
And all his labour laughs he now to scorn,  
Meshed in the briers, that erst was only torn.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS HEART TO  
THE OVERCHARGED GUN.

THE furious gun in his raging ire,

When that the bowl is rammèd in too sore,  
And that the flame cannot part from the fire;

Cracks in sunder, and in the air do roar  
The shivered pieces. So doth my desire;

Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more;  
Which to let out, I dare not look, nor speak;  
So inward force my heart doth all-to<sup>2</sup> break.

<sup>1</sup> 'Quent:' quenched.—<sup>2</sup> 'All-to:' altogether.

## HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee sofeat<sup>1</sup> a grace  
 To find honey of so wondrous fashion,  
 Hath taught the spider out of the same place  
 To fetch poison by strange alteration ;  
 Though this be strange, it is a stranger case  
 With one kiss by secret operation  
 Both these at once in those your lips to find ;  
 In change whereof I leave my heart behind.

---

## TO HIS LOVER TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend,  
 Thou hidest thyself, and I must die therefore ;  
 But since thou mayst so easily help thy friend,  
 Why dost thou stick to salve that thou madest sore ?  
 Why do I die since thou mayst me defend ?  
 And if I die, thy life may last no more ;  
 For each by other doth live and have relief,  
 I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.

---

## OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warrior  
 Could overcome, but could not use his chance ;  
 And I likewise of all my long endeavour  
 The sharp conquest though Fortune did advance,  
 Could not it use. The hold that is given over  
 I unpossess, so hangeth now in balance  
 Of war my peace, reward of all my pain,  
 At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spain.

<sup>1</sup> ' Feat : ' neat, clever.

## OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS, farewell! that westward with thy streams  
    Turns up the grains of gold already tried ;  
For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,  
    Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride ;  
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,  
    Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side ;  
My King, my Country I seek, for whom I live :  
O mighty Jove, the winds for this me give.

---

## WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food, my drink are my tears ;  
    Clinking of fetters would such music crave ;  
Stink, and close air away my life it wears ;  
    Poor innocence is all the hope I have :  
Rain, wind, or weather judge I by my ears :  
    Malice assaults, that righteousness should have .  
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,  
But yet, alas ! the scar shall still remain.

---

## OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LOOK ! my fair falcon, and thy fellows all ;  
    How well pleasant it were your liberty !  
Ye not forsake me, that fair might you fall.  
    But they that sometime liked my company ,  
Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl :  
    Lo, what a proof in light adversity !  
But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells ,  
Ye be my friends, and so be but few else.

## THE LOVER HOPETH OF BETTER CHANCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,  
The sun returns, that hid was under cloud,  
And when Fortune had spit out all her gall,  
I trust good luck to me shall be allowed:  
For I have seen a ship in haven fall,  
After that storm hath broke both mast and shroud;  
The willow eke, that stoopeth with the wind,  
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.

---

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY  
PAIN.

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen,  
Sometime bear flowers fair and fresh of hue:  
Poison ofttime is put in medicine,  
And unto man his health doth oft renew:  
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean  
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,  
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,  
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

---

## THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN Court to serve, deckèd with fresh array,  
Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast,  
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play,  
Amid the press of worldly looks to waste,  
Hath with it join'd oftentimes such bitter taste,  
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,  
In prison joys, fetter'd with chains of gold.

## OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

STAND, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel  
 Of high estate ; and let me here rejoice,  
 And use my life in quietness each dele,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unknown in Court that hath the wanton toys :  
 In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,  
 And when my years be past withouten noise,  
 Let me die old after the common trace ;  
 For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,  
 That knownen is to all, but to himself, alas,  
 He dieth unknown, dasèd with dreadful face.

---

## THE LOVER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE

PRAYETH THAT IT BE NOT BELIEVED AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSED though I be without desert ;  
 Sith none can prove, believe it not for true :  
 For never yet, since that you had my heart,  
 Intended I to false, or be untrue.  
 Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,  
 Than break one word of that I promised you ;  
 Accept therefore my service in good part :  
 None is alive, that can ill tongues eschew ;  
 Hold them as false ; and let not us depart  
 Our friendship old in hope of any new :  
 Put not thy trust in such as use to feign,  
 Except thou mind to put thy friend to pain.

10

<sup>1</sup> ‘Dele :’ portion, division.

## OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,  
Fair words enough a man shall find;  
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,  
Their substance is but only wind;  
But well to say and so to mean,  
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

---

## OF SUDDEN TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire I did this deed,  
To danger myself without cause why,  
To trust th' untrue, not like to speed,  
To speak and promise faithfully:  
But now the proof doth verify,  
That whoso trusteth ere he know,  
Doth hurt himself, and please his foe.

---

THE LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH  
YEA OR NAY.

- 1 MADAM, withouten many words,  
Once I am sure you will, or no:  
And if you will, then leave your boundes,  
And use your wit, and show it so:
  
- 2 For with a beck you shall me call;  
And if of one, that burns alway,  
Ye have pity or ruth at all,  
Answer him fair with yea or nay.

3 If it be yea, I shall be fain;  
 If it be nay, friends as before;  
 You shall another man obtain,  
 And I mine own, and yours no more.

---

## ANSWER.

1 Of few words, Sir, you seem to be,  
 And where I doubted what I would do  
 Your quick request hath caused me  
 Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.

2 For he that will be called with a beck,  
 Makes hasty suit on light desire:  
 Is ever ready to the check,  
 And burneth in no wasting fire.

3 Therefore whether you be lief or loth,  
 And whether it grieve you light or sore,  
 I am at a point: I have made an oath,  
 Content you with ‘Nay;’ for you get no more.

---

THE LOVER PROFESSETH HIMSELF  
CONSTANT.

WITHIN my breast I never thought it gain  
 Of gentle minds the freedom for to lose;  
 Nor in my heart sank never such disdain,  
 To be a forger, faults for to disclose:  
 Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose,  
 To set a gloss upon an earnest pain:  
 Nor I am not in number one of those  
 That list to blow retreat to every train.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE  
FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

- 1 SUFFICED not, Madam, that you did tear  
My woful heart, but thus also to rent  
The weeping paper that to you I sent,  
Whereof each letter was written with a tear?
- 2 Could not my present pains, alas! suffice  
Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel  
Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel,  
But new and new must to my lot arise?
- 3 Use then my death: so shall your cruelty,  
Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart,  
And I no more such torments of the heart  
Feel as I do: this shall you gain thereby.

---

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH AND HIS  
LADY COMFORTETH.

- 1 *Lover.* It burneth yet, alas! my heart's desire.  
*Lady.* What is the thing that hath inflamed thy heart?  
*Lover.* A certain point as fervent as the fire.  
*Lady.* The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt convert.  
*Lover.* I cannot stop the fervent raging ire.  
*Lady.* What may I do, if thyself cause thy smart?  
*Lover.* Hear my request, and rue my weeping chere.  
*Lady.* With right good will, say on: lo, I thee hear.

2 *Lover.* That thing would I, that maketh two content.

*Lady.* Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.

*Lover.* Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst well, assent.

*Lady.* That I may not, the grief is mine, God wot.

*Lover.* But I it feel, whatso thy words have meant.

*Lady.* Suspect me not: my words be not forgot.

*Lover.* Then say, alas, shall I have help or no?

*Lady.* I see no time to answer yea, but no.

3 *Lover.* Say yea, dear heart, and stand no more in doubt.

*Lady.* I may not grant a thing that is so dear.

*Lover.* Lo, with delays thou drivest me still about.

*Lady.* Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth appear.

*Lover.* First, may my heart his blood and life bleed out.

*Lady.* Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbear.

*Lover.* From day to day thus wastes my life away.

*Lady.* Yet for the best, suffer some small delay.

4 *Lover.* Now good! say yea: do once so good a deed.

*Lady.* If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?

*Lover.* A heart in pain of succour so should speed:  
Twixt yea and nay, my doubt shall still renew.

My sweet, say yea; and do away this dread.

*Lady.* Thou wilt needs so: be it so; but then be true.

*Lover.* Nought would I else, nor other treasure none.  
Thus hearts be won by love, request, and moan.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED BLAMETH  
ILL TONGUES.

- 1 MISTRUSTFUL minds be moved  
To have me in suspect,  
The truth it shall be proved,  
Which time shall once detect.
- 2 Though falsehood go about  
Of crime me to accuse,  
At length I do not doubt  
But truth shall me excuse.
- 3 Such sauce as they have served  
To me without desart,  
Even as they have deserved,  
Thereof God send them part.

---

OF HIS LOVE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,  
Though it be turn'd and made in twain?  
It is mine Anna, God it wot,  
The only causer of my pain;  
My love that meedeth with disdain.  
Yet is it loved, what will you more?  
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

---

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

A LADY gave me a gift she had not;  
And I received her gift which I took not;  
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not;  
And I received it, albeit I could not:

If she gave it me, I force not;  
And if she take it again, she cares not.  
Construe what this is, and tell not;  
For I am fast sworn I may not.

---

### THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGS ALWAY SPEEDING.

SPEAK thou and speed where will or power ought  
help' th;  
Where power doth want, will must be won by wealth:  
For need will speed, where will works not his kind;  
And gain thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find:  
For suit and gold, what do not they obtain?  
Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

---

### T. WYATT OF LOVE.

- 1 LIKE as the wind with raging blast  
Doth cause each tree to bow and bend;  
Even so do I spend my time in waste,  
My life consuming unto an end.
  
- 2 For as the flame by force doth quench the fire,  
And running streams consume the rain;  
Even so do I myself desire  
To augment my grief and deadly pain.
  
- 3 Whereas I find that what is what,  
And cold is cold by course of kind,  
So shall I knit an endless knot;  
Such fruit in love, alas! I find.

- 4 When I foresaw those crystal streams,  
Whose beauty doth cause my mortal wound,  
I little thought within those beams  
So sweet a venom for to have found.
- 5 I feel and see my own decay;  
As one that beareth flame in his breast,  
Forgetful thought to put away  
The thing that breedeth my unrest.
- 6 Like as the fly doth seek the flame,  
And afterward playeth in the fire,  
Who findeth her woe, and seeketh her game,  
Whose grief doth grow of her own desire.
- 7 Like as the spider doth draw her line,  
As labour lost so is my suit;  
The gain is hers, the loss is mine:  
Of evil-sown seed such is the fruit.

## SATIRES.

## OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

My mother's maids, when they do sew and spin,  
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse:  
That for because her livelode was but thin,  
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.  
She thought herself endured to grievous pain;  
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse,  
That when the furrows swummed with the rain,  
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight;

And worse than that, bare meat there did remain c 9  
 To comfort her, when she her house had dight; d  
 Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean;  
 For which she laboured hard both day and night,  
 In harvest time, while she might go and glean.  
 And when her store was stroyèd with the flood,  
 Then wellaway! for she undone was clean:  
 Then was she fain to take, instead of food,  
 Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.  
 'My sister,' quod she, 'hath a living good;  
 And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.  
 In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry 20  
 In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile  
 Her tender foot, she labours not as I.  
 Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost;  
 And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry;  
 By sea, by land, of delicates the most,  
 Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril:  
 She feeds on boil'd meat, baked meat, and roast,  
 And hath therefore no wit of charge nor travail.  
 And, when she list, the liquor of the grape  
 Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.' 30  
 And at this journey makes she but a jape,<sup>1</sup>  
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth  
 With her Sister her part so for to shape,  
 That if she might there keep herself in health,  
 To live a lady, while her life do last.  
 And to the door now is she come by stealth;  
 And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.  
 Th' other for fear durst not well scarce appear;  
 Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.  
 At last she asked softly who was there; 40  
 And in her language as well as she could,

<sup>1</sup> 'A jape:' a jest.

'Peep,' quod the other, 'Sister, I am here.'      42  
 'Peace,' quod the town-mouse, 'why speakest thou so loud?'

And by the hand she took her fair and well.  
 'Welcome,' quod she, 'my Sister, by the rood.'  
 She feasted her, that joy it was to tell  
 The fare they had, they drank the wine so clear;  
 And as to purpose now and then it fell,  
 So cheered her with, 'How, Sister, what cheer?'

Amid this joy befel a sorry chance,      50  
 That wellaway! the stranger bought full dear  
 The fare she had. For as she look'd askance,  
 Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes  
 In a round head, with sharp ears. In France  
 Was never mouse so fear'd, for the unwise  
 Had not yseen such a beast before.

Yet had nature taught her after her guise  
 To know her foe, and dread him evermore.  
 The town mouse fled, she knew whither to go;  
 Th' other had no shift, but wonders sore;      60  
 Fear'd of her life, at home she wished her tho,<sup>1</sup>  
 And to the door, alas, as she did skip,  
 Th' heaven it would, lo, and eke her chance was so  
 At the threshold her sely foot did trip;  
 And ere she might recover it again,  
 The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,  
 And made her there against her will remain,  
 That had forgot her power, surety, and rest,  
 For seeking wealth, wherein she thought to reign.

Alas! my Poins, how men do seek the best,      70  
 And find the worst, by error as they stray;  
 And no marvel; when sight is so opprest,  
 And blinds the guide, anon out of the way

<sup>1</sup> 'Tho:' then.

Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet life. 74  
 O wretched minds! there is no gold that may  
 /Grant that you seek, no war, no peace, no strife:  
 No! no! although thy head were hoop'd with gold,  
 Serjeant with mace, with halbert, sword, nor knife,  
 Cannot repulse the care that follow should.  
 /Each kind of life hath with him his disease: 80  
 Live in delights even as thy lust would,  
 And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,  
 It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.  
 A small thing is it that may thy mind appease?  
 None of you all there is, that is so mad,  
 To seek for grapes on brambles or on briers:  
 Nor none I trow, that hath a wit so bad,  
 To set his haye<sup>1</sup> for coneys over rivers;  
 Nor ye set not a drag-net for a hare.  
 And yet the thing, that most is your desire, 90  
 You do mis-seek with more travail and care.  
 Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted  
 With hope or dread, and see thy will be bare  
 From all affects,<sup>2</sup> whom vice hath never spotted.  
 Thyself content with that is thee assigned,  
 And use it well that is to thee allotted;  
 Then seek no more out of thyself to find  
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before:  
 For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind,  
 Mad, if ye list to continue your sore. 100  
 Let present pass, and gape on time to come,  
 And deep thyself<sup>3</sup> in travail more and more.  
 Henceforth, my Poins, this shall be all and sum;<sup>4</sup>  
 These wretched fools shall have nought else of me;  
 But, to the great God, and to his doom,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Haye:’ a net.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Affects:’ passions.—<sup>3</sup> ‘Deep thyself:’ enter deeply.

—<sup>4</sup> ‘All and sum:’ everything.

None other pain pray I for them to be; 106  
 But when the rage doth lead them from the right,  
 That looking backward Virtue they may see,  
 Even as she is, so goodly fair and bright:  
 And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,  
 Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,  
 To fret inward, for losing such a loss.

---



### OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE,

WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

MINE own John Poins, since ye delight to know  
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,  
 And fly the press of Courts, whereso they go;  
 Rather than to live thrall under the awe  
 Of lordly looks; wrapped within my cloak;  
 To will and lust learning to set a law:  
 It is not that because I scorn or mock  
 The power of them, whom fortune here hath lent  
 Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke:  
 But true it is that I have always meant 10  
 Less to esteem them than the common sort,  
 Of outward things that judge in their intent  
 Without regard what inward doth resort.  
 I grant, sometime of glory that the fire  
 Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report  
 Blame by honour, and honour to desire.  
 But how may I this honour now attain,  
 That cannot dye the colour black a liar?  
 My Poins, I cannot frame my tongue to feign,  
 To cloak the truth, for praise without desert 20  
 Of them that list all vice for to retain.  
 I cannot honour them that set their part  
 With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;

Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart. 24  
 I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong;  
 (To worship them like God on earth alone,  
 ↘That are as wolves these sely lambs among.  
 I cannot with my words complain and moan,  
 And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:  
 Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone. 30  
 (I cannot speak and look like as a saint;  
 Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;  
 Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.  
 I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,  
 With innocent blood to feed myself fat,  
 And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.  
 I am not he, that can allow the state  
 Of high Cæsar, and damn Cato to die,  
 That with his death did scape out of the gate  
 From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie, 40  
 And would not live, where liberty was lost;  
 So did his heart the common wealth apply.  
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast,  
 To make the crow in singing as the swan;  
 Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,  
 That cannot take a mouse as the cat can:  
 And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,  
 Call him Alexander; and say that Pan  
 Passeth Apollo in music manifold:  
 Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale, 50  
 And scorn the story that the Knight told: <sup>1</sup>  
 Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;  
 ↗Grin when he laughs, that beareth all the sway,  
 ↘Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale:  
 On others' lust to hang both night and day.  
 None of these points could ever frame in me:

<sup>1</sup> See Chaucer.

57

My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.  
 And much the less of things that greater be,  
 That asken help of colours to devise:  
 To join the mean with each extremity,  
 With nearest virtue aye to clothe the vice:  
 (And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,  
 To press the virtue that it may not rise:  
 As drunkenness good fellowship to call;  
 The friendly foe, with his fair double face,  
 Say he is gentle, and courteous therewithal;  
 Affirm that favel<sup>1</sup> hath a goodly grace  
 In eloquence: and cruelty to name  
 Zeal of justice, and change in time and place:  
 And he that suffereth offence without blame,  
 Call him pitiful; and him true and plain,  
 That raileth reckless unto each man's shame.  
 Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign;  
 The lecher a lover; and tyranny  
 To be the right of a prince's reign:  
 I cannot, I; no, no! it will not be.  
 This is the cause that I could never yet  
 Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,  
 A chip of chance more than a pound of wit:  
 This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk;      80  
 And in foul weather at my book to sit;  
 In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk;  
 No man doth mark whereso I ride or go:  
 In lusty leas at liberty I walk;  
 And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe;  
 Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.  
 No force for that,<sup>2</sup> for it is order'd so,  
 That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.  
 I am not now in France, to judge the wine;

70

<sup>1</sup> 'Favel:' flattery.—<sup>2</sup> 'No force:' no matter for that.

With savoury sauce those delicates to feel : 90  
 Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,  
 Rather than to be, outwardly to seem,  
 I meddle not with wits that be so fine ;  
 Nor Flanders' cheer lets not my sight to deem  
 Of black, and white ; nor takes my wits away  
 With beastliness ; such do those beasts esteem.  
 Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey  
 For money, poison, and treason, at Rome  
 A common practice, used night and day.  
 But I am here in Kent and Christendom, 10 .  
 Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme ;  
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,  
 Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

---

### HOW TO USE THE COURT AND HIMSELF THEREIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRANCIS BRYAN.

A SPENDING hand that alway poureth out,  
 Had need to have a bringer-in as fast ;  
 And on the stone that still doth turn about,  
 There groweth no moss : these proverbs yet do last ;  
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place,  
 That length of years their force can never waste.  
 When I remember this, and eke the case  
 Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write,  
 Bryan, to thee, who knows how great a grace  
 In writing is, to counsel man the right. 10  
 To thee therefore, that trots still up and down,  
 And never rests ; but running day and night  
 From realm to realm, from city, street, and town ;  
 Why dost thou wear thy body to the bones ?  
 And mightst at home sleep in thy bed of down :

And drink good ale so nappy for the nones; 16  
 Feed thyself fat; and heap up pound by pound.  
 Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swine so groins<sup>1</sup>  
 In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;  
 And drivel on pearls, with head still in the manger:  
 So of the harp the ass doth hear the sound:  
 So sacks of dirt be filled up in the cloister,  
 That serve for less than do these fatted swine.  
 Though I seem lean and dry, withouten moisture,  
 Yet will I serve my prince, my lord and thine;  
 And let them live to feed the paunch that list;  
 So I may live to feed both me and mine.  
 By God! well said. But what and if thou wist  
 How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend?  
 That would I learn. And it shall not be miss'd 30  
 To tell thee how. Now hark what I intend:  
 Thou knowest well first, whoso can seek to please,  
 Shall purchase friends, where truth shall but offend:  
 Flee therefore truth, it is both wealth and ease.  
 For though that truth of every man hath praise,  
 Full near that wind goeth truth in great misease.  
 Use Virtue, as it goeth now-a-days,  
 In word alone, to make thy language sweet:  
 And of thy deed yet do not as thou says;  
 Else be thou sure, thou shalt be far unmeet 40  
 To get thy bread; each thing is now so scant,  
 Seek still thy profit upon thy bare feet.  
 Lend in nowise, for fear that thou do want,  
 Unless it be as to a calf a cheese:  
 But if thou can be sure to win a cant<sup>2</sup>  
 Of half at least. It is not good to leese.  
 Learn at the lad, that in a long white coat,  
 From under the stall, withouten lands or fees,

<sup>1</sup> 'Groin:' to bore with the snout.—<sup>2</sup> 'Cant:' a portion, or cantle.

Hath leapt into the shop; who knows by rote      49  
 This rule that I have told thee here before.  
 Some time also rich age begins to dote;  
 See thou when there thy gain may be the more:  
 Stay him by the arm whereso he walk or go;  
 Be near alway, and if he cough too sore,  
 What he hath spit tread out; and please him so.  
 A diligent knave that picks his master's purse  
 May please him so, that he, withouten mo',  
 Executor is: And what is he the worse?  
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,  
 The widow may for all thy pain disburse;      60  
 A riveled skin, a stinking breath; what then?  
 A toothless mouth shall do thy lips no harm;  
 The gold is good: and though she curse or ban,  
 Yet where thee list thou mayst lie good and warm;  
 Let the old mule bite upon the bridle,  
 Whilst there do lie a sweeter in thy arm.  
 In this also see that thou be not idle,  
 Thy niece, thy cousin, sister, or thy daughter,  
 If she be fair, if handsome be her middle,  
 If thy better hath her love besought her,      70  
 Avance his cause, and he shall help thy need:  
 It is but love, turn thou it to a laughter.  
 But ware, I say, so gold thee help and speed,  
 That in this case thou be not so unwise  
 As Pandar was in such a like deed;  
 For he, the fool of conscience, was so nice,  
 That he no gain would have for all his pain:  
 Be next thyself, for friendship bears no price.  
 Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?  
 No, not at thee, but at thy thrifty jest:      80  
 Wouldst thou, I should, for any loss or gain,  
 Change that for gold that I have ta'en for best?

Next godly things, to have an honest name? 83  
Should I leave that? then take me for a beast.  
Nay then, farewell, and if thou care for shame,  
Content thee then with honest poverty;  
With free tongue what thee mislikes, to blame,  
And for thy truth, sometime adversity.  
And therewithal this gift I shall thee give,  
In this world now little prosperity; 90  
And coin to keep, as water in a sieve.

## PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD,  
**WILLIAM MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON,**  
EARL OF ESSEX, BARON OF KENDAL, LORD PARR,  
AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,  
YOUR MOST BOUNDEN ORATOR AT COMMANDMENT,  
**JOHN HARRINGTON,**  
WISHETH HEALTH AND PROSPERITY  
WITH INCREASE OF VIRTUE,  
AND THE MERCY OF GOD FOR EVER.

CONSIDERING the manifold duties and abundant service that I owe unto your good Lordship, right honourable and my singular good Lord, I cannot but see infinite causes why I, chiefly of all others, ought with all cheerful and ready endeavour to gratify your good Lordship by all means possible, and to apply myself wholly to the same, as one that would gladly, but can by no means be able to do accordingly as his bounden duty requireth : I cannot, I say, but see and acknowledge myself bounden, and not able to do such service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefits that your noble progenitors, and also your good Lordship hath showed unto my parents and predecessors ; and also to myself, as to one least able to do any acceptable service, though the will be at all times most ready. In token whereof, your Lordship shall at all times perceive by simple things that my little wit shall be able to invent, that if mine heart could do you any service, no labour or travail should withhold me from doing my duty ; and that if busy labour and the heart might be able to pay the duty that love oweth, your Lordship should in no point find me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare this my ready will, I have dedicated unto your name this little treatise, which, after I had perused and by the advice of others (better learned than myself) determined to put it in print, that the noble fame of so worthy a knight as was the author hereof, Sir Thomas Wyatt, should not perish but remain, as well for his singular learning as valiant deeds in martial feats, I thought that I could not find a more worthy patron for such a man's work than your Lordship, whom I have always known to be of so godly a zeal to the furtherance of God's holy and sacred Gospel, most humbly beseeching your good Lordship herein to accept my good will, and to esteem me as one that wisheth unto the same all honour, health, and prosperous success. Amen.

Your good Lordship's most humble at commandment,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

## PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

---

H. S.

The great Macedon that out of Persia chased  
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rang;  
 In the rich ark if Homer's rhymes he placed,  
 Who feigned gests of heathen princes sang;  
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture  
 To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase,  
 Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,  
 The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace  
 Of just David by perfect penitence;  
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clear,  
 The bitter fruits of false concupiscence,  
 How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.  
 In princes' hearts God's scourge y-printed deep,  
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

### THE PROLOGUE OF THE AUTHOR.

- 1 Love to give law unto his subjects' hearts,  
     Stood in the eyes of Batsabé the bright;  
     And in a look anon himself converts  
         Cruelly pleasant before King David's sight;  
     First dazed his eyes, and further-forth he starts  
         With venom'd breath, as softly as he might  
     Touches his sinews, and overruns his bones  
         With creeping fire, sparkled for the noxes.
  
- 2 And when he saw that kindled was the flame,  
     The moist poison in his heart he lanced,  
     So that the soul did tremble with the same;  
         And in this brawl as he stood entranced,  
     Yielding unto the figure and the frame,  
         That those fair eyes had in his presence glanced;  
     The form, that Love had printed in his breast,  
         He honoureth as a thing of things best.

3 So that, forgot the wisdom and forecast,  
   Which woe to realms, when that the King doth lack!  
 Forgetting eke God's majesty as fast,  
   Yea and his own; forthwith he doth to make  
 Uriel to go into the field in haste,  
   Urie, I say, that was his jewel's make,<sup>1</sup>  
 Under pretence of certain victory,  
   For the enemies' swords a ready prey to be.

4 Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubt,  
   Whom more than God or himself he mindeth:  
 And after he had brought this thing about,  
   And of that lust possess'd himself, he findeth  
 That hath and doth reverse, and clean turn out  
   Kings from kingdoms, and cities undermineth;  
 He blinded thinks, this train<sup>2</sup> so blind and close,  
   To blind all things, that nought may it disclose.

5 But Nathan hath spied out this treachery,  
   With rueful chere; and sets afore his face  
 The great offence, outrage, and injury,  
   That he hath done to God, as in this case,  
 By murder for to cloak adultery:  
   He sheweth eke from heaven the threats, alas!  
 So sternly sore this Prophet, this Nathan,  
   That all amazed was this woful man.

6 Like him that meets with horror and with fear;  
   The heat doth straight forsake the limbēs cold,  
 The colour eke droopeth down from his chere;  
   So doth he feel his fire manifold,  
 His heat, his lust, his pleasure all in fere<sup>3</sup>  
   Consume and waste: and straight his crown of gold,

<sup>1</sup> 'Make:' mate.—<sup>2</sup> 'Train:' stratagem.—<sup>3</sup> 'In fere:' together.

His purple pall, his sceptre he lets fall,  
And to the ground he throweth himself withal.

7 Then pompous pride of state, and dignity  
Forthwith rebates<sup>1</sup> repentant humbleness:  
Thinner vile cloth than clotheth poverty  
Doth scantily hide and clad his nakedness:  
His fair hoar beard of reverent gravity,  
With ruffled hair, knowing his wickedness:  
More like was he the selfsame repentance  
Than stately prince of worldly governance.

8 His harp he taketh in hand to be his guide,  
Wherewith he offereth plaints, his soul to save,  
That from his heart distills on every side,  
Withdrawning himself into a dark deep cave  
Within the ground, wherein he might him hide,  
Flying the light, as in prison or grave;  
In which, as soon as David entered had,  
The dark horror did make his soul adrad.

9 But he, without prolonging or delay  
Of that which might his Lord his God appease,  
Falleth on his knees, and with his harp, I say,  
Afore his breast yfraughted with disease  
Of stormy sighs, deep draughts of his decay,  
Dressed upright, seeking to counterpoise  
His song with sighs, and touching of the strings,  
With tender heart, lo, thus to God he sings.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE.<sup>2</sup>

O LORD! since in my mouth thy mighty name  
Suffereth itself, my Lord, to name and call,

<sup>1</sup> 'Rebates:' abates, diminishes.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm vi.

Here hath my heart hope taken by the same;      3  
 That the repentance, which I have and shall,  
 May at thy hand seek mercy, as the thing  
 Of only comfort of wretched sinners all:  
 Whereby I dare with humble bemoaning,  
 By thy goodness, this thing of thee require:  
 Chastise me not for my deserving  
 According to thy just conceived ire.      10

O Lord! I dread: and that I did not dread  
 I me repent; and evermore desire  
 Thee, Thee to dread. I open here, and spread  
 My fault to thee: but thou, for thy goodness,  
 Measure it not in largeness, nor in breade:<sup>1</sup>  
 Punish it not as asketh the greatness  
 Of thy furor, provoked by mine offence.  
 Temper, O Lord! the harm of my excess,  
 With mending will, that I for recompense  
 Prepare again: and rather pity me,      20  
 For I am weak, and clean without defence;  
 More is the need I have of remedy.  
 For of the whole the leche taketh no cure;  
 The sheep that strayeth the shepherd seeks to see.  
 I, Lord, am stray'd; and, seke<sup>2</sup> without recure,  
 Feel all my limbs, that have rebelled, for fear  
 Shake in despair, unless thou me assure:  
 My flesh is troubled, my heart doth fear the spear:  
 That dread of death, of death that ever lasts,  
 Threateth of right, and draweth near and near.      30  
 Much more my soul is troubled by the blasts  
 Of these assaults, that come as thick as hail,  
 Of worldly vanities, that temptation casts  
 Against the bulwark of the flesh frail,  
 Wherein the soul in great perplexity

<sup>1</sup> ‘Breade:’ breadth.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Seke:’ sick.

Feeleth the senses with them that assail  
Conspire, corrupt by pleasure and vanity :  
Whereby the wretch doth to the shade resort  
Of hope in Thee, in this extremity.  
But thou, O Lord, how long after this sort  
Forbearest thou to see my misery ?  
Suffer me yet, in hope of some comfort,  
Fear, and not feel that thou forgettest me.  
Return, O Lord ! O Lord ! I thee beseech,  
Unto thy old wonted benignity.  
Reduce, revive my soul : be thou the leche ;  
And reconcile the great hatred, and strife,  
That it hath ta'en against the flesh ; the wretch  
That stirred hath thy wrath by filthy life.  
See how my soul doth fret it to the bones :  
Inward remorse so sharpeh it like a knife,  
That but Thou help the caitiff, that bemoans  
His great offence, it turneth anon to dust.  
Here hath thy mercy matter for the nones ;  
For if thy righteous hand, that is so just,  
Suffer no sin, or strike with damnation,  
Thy infinite mercy want needs it must  
Subject matter for his operation :  
For that in death there is no memory  
Among the damned, nor yet no mention  
Of thy great name, ground of all glory.  
Then if I die, and go whereas I fear  
To think thereon, how shall thy great mercy  
Sound in my mouth unto the worldēs ear ?  
For there is none, that can Thee laud, and love,  
For that thou wilt no love among them there.  
Suffer my cries the mercy for to move,  
That wonted is a hundred years' offence  
In a moment of repentance to remove.

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50

60

How oft have I called up with diligence  
This slothful flesh long afore the day  
For to confess his fault, and negligence;  
That to the den, for aught that I could say,  
Hath still returned to shroud himself from cold?  
Whereby it suffereth now for such delay,  
By mighty pains, instead of pleasures old.  
I wash my bed with tears continual,  
To dull my sight, that it be never bold  
To stir my heart again to such a fall.  
Thus dry I up, among my foes, in woe,  
That with my fall do rise, and grow withal,  
And me beset even now where I am, so  
With secret traps, to trouble my penance.  
Some do present to my weeping eyes, lo,  
The chere, the manner, beauty, or countenance  
Of her, whose look, alas! did make me blind:  
Some other offer to my remembrance  
Those pleasant words, now bitter to my mind:  
And some show me the power of my armour,  
Triumph, and conquest, and to my head assign'd 90  
Double diadem: some show the favour  
Of people frail, palace, pomp, and richès.  
To these mermaids, and their baits of error  
I stop my ears, with help of thy goodness.  
And for I feel, it cometh alone of Thee  
That to my heart these foes have none access,  
I dare them bid, Avoid, wretches, and flee;  
The Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint;  
Your engines take no more effect in me:  
The Lord hath heard, I say, and seen me faint 100  
Under your hand, and pitieith my distress.  
He shall do<sup>1</sup> make my senses, by constraint,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Do;’ cause,

Obey the rule, that reason shall express:  
 Where the deceit of that your glosing bait  
 Made them usurp a power in all excess.  
 Shamed be they all, that so do lie in wait  
 To compass me, by missing of their prey!  
 Shame and rebuke redound to such deceit!  
 Sudden confusion, as stroke without delay,  
 Shall so deface their crafty suggestion,  
 That they to hurt my health no more assay  
 Since I, O Lord, remain in thy protection.

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## THE AUTHOR.

- 1 Whoso hath seen the sick in his fever,  
     After truce taken with the heat or cold,  
     And that the fit is past of his fervour,  
     Draw fainting sighs; let him, I say, behold  
     Sorrowful David, after his langour,  
     That with his tears, that from his eyes down roll'd,  
     Paused his plaint, and laid adown his harp,  
     Faithful record of all his sorrows sharp.
- 2 It seemed now that of his fault the horror  
     Did make afear'd no more his hope of grace;  
     The threats whereof, in horrible terror,  
     Did hold his heart as in despair a space,  
     Till he had will'd to seek for his succour;  
     Himself accusing,beknowing his case,  
     Thinking so best his Lord to appease,  
     And not yet healed he fceleth his disease.
- 3 Now seemeth fearful no more the dark cave,  
     That erst did make his soul for to tremble;  
     A place devout, of refuge for to save  
     The succourless it rather doth resemble:

For who had seen so kneeling within the grave

The chief pastor of the Hebrews' assemble,  
Would judge it made by tears of penitence  
A sacred place worthy of reverence.

4 With vapour'd<sup>1</sup> eyes he looketh here and there,  
And when he hath a while himself bethought,  
Gathering his spirits, that were dismay'd for fear,  
His harp again into his hand he raught,  
Tuning accord by judgment of his ear,  
His heart's bottom for a sigh he sought;  
And therewithal upon the hollow tree  
With strained voice again thus crieth he.

BEATI, QUORUM REMISSÆ SUNT INIQUITATES.<sup>2</sup>

OH! happy are they that have forgiveness got  
Of their offence, not by their penitence  
As by merit, which recompenseth not;  
Although that yet pardon hath not offence  
Without the same; but by the goodness  
Of Him that hath perfect intelligence  
Of heart contrite, and covereth the greatness  
Of sin within a merciful discharge.

And happy are they that have the wilfulness  
Of lust restrain'd afore it went at large,      10  
Provoked by the dread of God's furor;  
Whereby they have not on their backs the charge  
Of others' faults to suffer the dolor;  
For that their fault was never execute  
In open sight, example of error.  
And happy is he to whom God doth impute  
No more his fault, by knowledging his sin:  
But cleansed now the Lord doth him repute;

<sup>1</sup> 'Vapoured:' dim.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm xxxii.

As adder fresh new stripped from his skin: 19  
Nor in his sprite is aught undiscover'd.  
I, for because I hid it still within,  
Thinking by state in fault to be preferr'd,  
Do find by hiding of my fault my harm;  
As he that findeth his health hindered  
By secret wound concealed from the charm  
Of leech's cure, that else had had redress;  
And feel my bones consume, and wax unfirm  
By daily rage, roaring in excess.  
Thy heavy hand on me was so increased  
Both day and night, and held my heart in press, 30  
With pricking thoughts bereaving me my rest;  
That withered is my lustiness away,  
As summer heats that have the green oppress'd.  
Wherefore I did another way assay,  
And sought forthwith to open in thy sight  
My fault, my fear, my filthiness, I say,  
And not to hide from Thee my great unright.  
I shall, quoth I, against myself confess  
Unto thee, Lord, all my sinful plight:  
And Thou forthwith didst wash the wickedness 40  
Of mine offence. Of truth right thus it is,  
Wherefore they, that have tasted thy goodness,  
At me shall take example as of this,  
And pray, and seek in time for time of grace.  
Then shall the storms and floods of harm him miss,  
And him to reach shall never have the space.  
Thou art my refuge, and only safeguard  
From the troubles that compass me the place.  
Such joys as he that scapes his enemies' ward  
With loosed bands, hath in his liberty; 50  
Such is my joy, thou hast to me prepared;  
That, as the seaman in his jeopardy

By sudden light perceived hath the port;                   53  
 So by thy great merciful property  
 Within thy book thus read I my comfort:  
 'I shall thee teach, and give understanding,  
 And point to thee what way thou shalt resort  
 For thy address, to keep thee from wandering:  
 Mine eyes shall take the charge to be thy guide:  
 I ask thereto of thee only this thing,                   60  
 Be not like horse, or mule, that men do ride,  
 That not alone doth not his master know,  
 But for the good thou dost him must be tied,  
 And bridled lest his guide he bite or throw.'  
 Oh! diverse are the chastisings of sin  
 In meat, in drink, in breath, that man doth blow,  
 In sleep, in watch, in fretting still within:  
 That never suffer rest unto the mind  
 Fill'd with offence; that new and new begin  
 With thousand fears the heart to strain and bind:   70  
 But for all this, he that in God doth trust  
 With mercy shall himself defended find.  
 Joy and rejoice, I say, you that be just,  
 In Him, that maketh and holdeth you so still:  
 In Him your glory always set you must,  
 All you that be of upright heart and will.

## THE AUTHOR.

- 1 THIS song ended, David did stint his voice;  
     And in that while he about with his eye  
     Did seek the dark cave; with which, withouten noise,  
         His silence seemed to argue, and reply.  
     Upon his peace, this peace that did rejoice  
         The soul with mercy, that mercy so did cry,

And found mercy at plentiful Mercy's hand,  
Never denied, but where it was withstand.

2 As the servant that in his master's face  
     Finding pardon of his passèd offence,  
     Considering his great goodness and his grace,  
         Glad tears distills, as gladsome recompense:  
     Right so David seemed in the place  
         A marble image of singular reverence,  
     Carved in the rock, with eyes and hand on high  
     Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.

3 This while a beam that Bright Sun forth sendeth,  
     That Sun, the which was never cloud could hide,  
     Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descendeth:  
         Whose glancing light the chords did overglide,  
     And such lustre upon the harp extendeth,  
         As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,  
     The lome<sup>1</sup> whereof into his eyes did start,  
     Surprised with joy by penance of the heart.

4 He then, inflamed with far more hot affect<sup>2</sup>  
     Of God, than he was erst of Batsabè,  
     His left foot did on the earth erect,  
         And just thereby remaineth the other knee;  
     To the left side his weight he doth direct:  
         For hope of health his harp again taketh he;  
     His hand, his tune, his mind eke sought this lay,  
     Which to the Lord with sober voice did say.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE TUO.<sup>3</sup>

O LORD! as I have thee both pray'd, and pray,  
     (Although in Thee be no alteration,

<sup>1</sup> 'Lome:' Gleam.—<sup>2</sup> 'Affect:' Affection.—<sup>3</sup> Psalm xxxviii.

But that we men, like as ourselves, we say,      3  
 Measuring thy justice by our mutation)  
 Chastise me not, O Lord! in thy furor,  
 Nor me correct in wrathful castigation:  
 For that thy arrows of fear, of terror,  
 Of sword, of sickness, of famine, and of fire,  
 Stick deep in me: I, lo! from mine error,  
 Am plunged up, as horse out of the mire      10  
 With stroke of spur; such is thy hand on me,  
 That in my flesh, for terror of thy ire,  
 Is not one point of firm stability;  
 Nor in my bones there is no steadfastness:  
 Such is my dread of mutability;  
 For that I know my frailful wickedness.  
 For why? my sins above my head are bound,  
 Like heavy weight, that doth my force oppress;  
 Under the which I stoop and bow to the ground,  
 As willow plant haled by violence.      20  
 And of my flesh each not well cured wound,  
 That fester'd is by folly and negligence,  
 By secret lust hath rankled under skin,  
 Not duly cured by my penitence.  
 Perceiving thus the tyranny of sin,  
 That with his weight hath humbled and depress'd  
 My pride; by gnawing of the worm within,  
 That never dieth, I live withouten rest.  
 So are mine entrails infect with fervent sore,  
 Feeding the harm that hath my wealth oppress'd,      30  
 That in my flesh is left no health therefore.  
 So wondrous great hath been my vexation,  
 That it hath forced my heart to cry and roar.  
 O Lord! thou knowest the inward contemplation  
 Of my desire: thou knowest my sighs and plaints:  
 Thou knowest the tears of my lamentation

Cannot express my heart's inward restraints.      37  
 My heart panteth, my force I feel it quail;  
 My sight, my eyes, my look decays and faints.  
 And when mine enemies did me most assail,  
 My friends most sure, wherein I set most trust,  
 Mine own virtues, soonest then did fail  
 And stand apart; reason and wit unjust,  
 As kin unkind, were farthest gone at need:  
 So had they place their venom out to thrust,  
 That sought my death by naughty word and deed.  
 Their tongues reproach, their wit did fraud apply,  
 And I, like deaf and dumb, forth my way yede,<sup>1</sup>  
 Like one that hears not, nor hath to reply  
 One word again; knowing that from thine hand    50  
 These things proceed, and thou, Lord, shalt supply  
 My trust in that, wherein I stick and stand.  
 Yet have I had great cause to dread and fear,  
 That thou wouldest give my foes the over hand;  
 For in my fall they showed such pleasant chere.  
 And therewithal I alway in the lash  
 Abide the stroke; and with me everywhere  
 I bear my fault, that greatly doth abash  
 My doleful chere; for I my fault confess,  
 And my desert doth all my comfort dash.      60  
 In the meanwhile mine enemies still increase;  
 And my provokers hereby do augment,  
 That without cause to hurt me do not cease:  
 In evil for good against me they be bent,  
 And hinder shall my good pursuit of grace.  
 Lo! now, my God, that seest my whole intent!  
 My Lord, I am, thou knowest in what case;  
 Forsake me not, be not far from me gone.  
 Haste to my help; haste, Lord, and haste apace,  
 O Lord, the Lord of all my health alone!      70

<sup>1</sup> 'Yede: ' went.

## THE AUTHOR.

1 LIKE as the pilgrim, that in a long way  
     Fainting for heat, provoked by some wind,  
     In some fresh shade lieth down at mid of day:  
         So doth of David the wearied voice and mind  
         Take breath of sighs, when he had sung this lay,  
         Under such shade as sorrow hath assign'd:  
         And as the one still minds his voyage end,  
         So doth the other to mercy still pretend.

2 On sonour<sup>1</sup> chords his fingers he extends,  
     Without hearing or judgment of the sound:  
     Down from his eyes a stream of tears descends,  
         Without feeling, that trickle on the ground.  
         As he that bleeds in bain<sup>2</sup> right so intends  
         The alter'd senses to that that they are bound.  
         But sigh and weep he can none other thing,  
         And look up still unto the heavens' King.

3 But who had been without the cavè's mouth  
     And heard the tears and sighs that him did strain,  
     He would have sworn there had out of the south  
         A lukewarm wind brought forth a smoky rain.  
         But that so close the cave was and uncouth  
         That none but God was record of his pain,  
         Else had the wind blown in all Israel's ears  
         Of their King the woful plaint and tears.

4 Of which some part when he up supped had,  
     Like as he, whom his own thought affrays,  
     He turns his look; him seemeth that the shade  
         Of his offence again his force assays

<sup>1</sup> 'Sonour:' sounding.—<sup>2</sup> 'Bain:' a bath.

By violent despair on him to lade;

Starting like him, whom sudden fear dismayes,  
His voice he strains, and from his heart out brings  
This song, that I n' ot<sup>1</sup> whether he cries or sings:

MISERERE MEI, DEUS.<sup>2</sup>

RUE on me, Lord! for thy goodness and grace,  
That of thy nature art so bountiful;  
For that goodness that in the world doth brace  
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderful;  
And for thy mercies, number without end  
In heaven and earth perceived so plentiful,  
That over all they do themselves extend;  
For those mercies, much more than man can sin,  
Do away my sins, that so thy grace offend  
Ofttimes again. Wash, wash me well within,  
And from my sin, that thus makes me afraid,  
Make thou me clean, as aye thy wont hath been.  
For unto Thee no number can be laid  
For to prescribe remissions of offence  
In hearts returned, as thou thyself hast said;  
And Ibeknow my fault, my negligence:  
And in my sight my sin is fixed fast,  
Thereof to have more perfect penitence.  
To Thee alone, to Thee have I trespass'd;  
For none can measure my fault but thou alone: 20  
For in thy sight, I have not been aghast  
For to offend; judging thy sight as none,  
So that my fault were hid from sight of man;  
Thy majesty so from my mind was gone.  
This know I, and repent; pardon Thou then;  
Whereby Thou shalt keep still thy word stable,  
Thy justice pure and clean, because that when

<sup>1</sup> 'N' ot:' ne wote, know not.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm li.

I pardoned am, then forthwith justly able  
Just I am judged by justice of thy grace.  
For I myself, lo! thing most unstable,  
Formed in offence, conceivèd in like case,  
Am nought but sin from my nativity.  
Be not these said for mine excuse, alas!  
But of thy help to show necessity:  
For, lo! Thou lovest truth of the inward heart,  
Which yet doth live in my fidelity,  
Though I have fallen by frailty overthwart:  
For wilful malice led me not the way  
So much as hath the flesh drawn me apart.  
Wherefore, O Lord, as thou hast done alway,      40  
Teach me the hidden wisdom of thy lore;  
Since that my faith doth not yet decay.  
And, as the Jews do heal the leper sore,  
With hyssop cleanse, cleanse me and I am clean.  
Thou shalt me wash, and more than snow therefore  
I shall be white, how foul my fault hath been.  
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tidings bring,  
When from above remission shall be seen  
Descend on earth; then shall for joy up spring  
The bones, that were before consumed to dust.      50  
Look not, O Lord! upon mine offending,  
But do away my deeds that are unjust.  
Make a clean heart in the middle of my breast,  
With spirit upright voided from filthy lust.  
From thine eyes' cure cast me not in unrest,  
Nor take from me thy Spirit of Holiness.  
Render to me joy of thy help and rest:  
My will confirm with the Spirit of Steadfastness;  
And by this shall these godly things ensue,  
Sinners I shall into thy ways address;      60  
They shall return to Thee, and thy grace sue.

My tongue shall praise thy justification; 62  
 My mouth shall spread thy glorious praises true.  
 But of thyself, O God! this operation  
 It must proceed; by purging me from blood,  
 Among the just that I may have relation:  
 And of thy lauds for to let out the flood,  
 Thou must, O Lord! my lips first unloose.  
 For if thou hadst esteemed pleasant good  
 The outward deeds, that outward men disclose, 70  
 I would have offer'd unto Thee sacrifice:  
 But thou delightest not in no such glose  
 Of outward deed, as men dream and devise.  
 The sacrifice that the Lord liketh most  
 Is spirit contrite: low heart in humble wise  
 Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasant host.<sup>1</sup>  
 Make Sion, Lord, according to thy will  
 Inward Sion, the Sion of the ghost:<sup>2</sup>  
 Of heart's Jerusalem strength the walls still:  
 Then shalt Thou take for good the outward deeds, 80  
 As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfil.  
 Of Thee alone thus all our good proceeds.

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### THE AUTHOR.

1 Of deep secrets, that David there did sing,  
     Of Mercy, of Faith, of Frailty, of Grace;  
 · Of God's goodness, and of Justifying  
     The greatness did so astonny himself apace,  
     As who might say, 'Who hath expressed this thing?  
         I sinner! I! what have I said? alas!  
 That God's goodness would in my song entreat,  
 Let me again consider and repeat.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Host:' sacrifice.—<sup>2</sup> 'Sion of the ghost:' Sion of the heart.

2 And so he doth; but not expressed by word;  
 But in his heart he turneth oft and poiseth  
 Each word, that erst his lips might forth afford:  
 He pants, he pauseth, he wonders, he praiseth  
 The Mercy, that hideth of Justice the sword:  
 The Justice that so his promise accomplisheth  
 For his word's sake to worthless desert,  
 That gratis his grace to men doth depart.

3 Here hath he comfort when he doth measure  
 Measureless mercy to measureless fault,  
 To prodigal sinners infinite treasure,  
 Treasure celestial, that never shall default:  
 Yea! when that sin shall fail, and may not dure,  
 Mercy shall reign, 'gainst whom shall no assault  
 Of hell prevail: by whom, lo! at this day  
 Of Heaven gates Remission is the key.

4 And when David had pondered well and tried,  
 And seeth himself not utterly deprived  
 From light of Grace, that dark of sin did hide,  
 He findeth his hope much therewith revived;  
 He dare importune the Lord on every side,  
 For he knoweth well that to Mercy is ascribed  
 Respectless labour, importune, cry, and call;  
 And thus beginneth his song therewithal:

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.<sup>1</sup>

LORD! hear my prayer, and let my cry pass  
 Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.  
 Do not from me turn thy merciful face,  
 Unto myself leaving my government.  
 In time of trouble and adversity  
 Incline to me thine ear and thine intent:

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cii.

And when I call, help my necessity;  
 Readily grant the effect of my desire:  
 These bold demands do please thy Majesty:  
 And eke my case such haste doth well require.  
 For like as smoke my days are past away,  
 My bones dried up, as furnace with the fire;  
 My heart, my mind is wither'd up like hay;  
 Because I have forgot to take my bread,  
 My bread of life, the word of Truth, I say.  
 And for my plaintful sighs and for my dread,  
 My bones, my strength, my very force of mind  
 Cleaved to the flesh, and from the spirit were fled,  
 As desperate thy mercy for to find.  
 So made I me the solen<sup>2</sup> pelican,      20  
 And like the owl, that fieth by proper kind  
 Light of the day, and hath herself betaken  
 To pining life out of all company,  
 With waker care, that with this woe began,  
 Like the sparrow was I solitary,  
 That sits alone under the houses' eaves.  
 This while my foes conspired continually,  
 And did provoke the harm of my disease.  
 Wherefore like ashes my bread did me savour;  
 Of thy just word the taste might not me please:      30  
 Wherefore my drink I tempered with liquor  
 Of weeping tears, that from mine eyes did rain,  
 Because I know the wrath of thy furor,  
 Provoked by right, had of my pride disdain.  
 For thou didst lift me up to throw me down;  
 To teach me how to know myself again:  
 Whereby I knew that helpless I should drown.  
 My days like shadow decline, and I do cry:  
 And Thee for ever eternity doth crown;

<sup>1</sup> ‘Solen:’ solitary.

World without end doth last thy memory.      40  
 For this frailty, that yoketh all mankind,  
 Thou shalt awake, and rue<sup>1</sup> this misery :  
 Rue on Sion, Sion that as I find  
 Is the people that live under thy law.  
 For now is time, the time at hand assign'd,  
 The time so long that thy servants draw  
 In great desire to see that pleasant day ;  
 Day of redeeming Sion from sin's awe.  
 For they have ruth to see in such decay  
 In dust and stones this wretched Sion lower.      50  
 Then the Gentiles shall dread thy name alway ;  
 All earthly kings thy glory shall honour,  
 Then, when thy grace thy Sion thus redeemeth,  
 When thus Thou hast declared thy mighty power.  
 The lord his servants' wishes so esteemeth  
 That He him turneth unto the poor's request.  
 To our descent this to be written seemeth,  
 Of all comforts as consolation best :  
 And they, that then shall be regenerate,      59  
 Shall praise the Lord therefore, both most and least.  
 For He hath look'd from the height of his estate,  
 The Lord from heaven in earth hath look'd on us,  
 To hear the moan of them that are algate<sup>2</sup>  
 In foul bondage ; to loose, and to discuss  
 The sons of death out from their deadly bond ;  
 To give thereby occasion glorious  
 In this Sion his holy name to stand ;  
 And in Jerusalem his lauds, lasting aye,  
 When in one Church the people of the land  
 And realms been gather'd to serve, to laud, to pray  
 The Lord above, so just and merciful.      71  
 But to this samble<sup>3</sup> running in the way,

<sup>1</sup> 'Rue : ' have mercy.—<sup>2</sup> 'Algat : ' always.—<sup>3</sup> 'Samble : ' assembly.

My strength faileth to reach it at the full. 73  
 He hath abridged my days, they may not dure  
 To see that term, that term so wonderful:  
 Although I have with hearty will, and cure,  
 Pray'd to the Lord, take me not, Lord! away  
 In midst of my years: though thine ever sure  
 Remain eterne, whom time cannot decay.  
 Thou wrought'st the earth, thy hands the heavens  
     did make: 80  
 They shall perish, and Thou shalt last alway;  
 And all things age shall wear, and overtake,  
 Like cloth, and Thou shalt change them like  
 apparel,  
 Turn, and translate, and thou in worth it take;  
 But Thou thyself thyself remainest well,  
 That Thou wast erst, and shalt thy years extend.  
 Then, since to this there may no thing rebel,  
 The greatest comfort that I can pretend,  
 Is, that the children of thy servants dear,  
 That in thy word are got, shall without end 90  
 Before thy face be stablish'd all in fear.

## THE AUTHOR.

1 WHEN David had perceived in his breast  
     The Spirit of God return, that was exiled; ✓  
 Because he knew he hath alone express'd ✓  
     These same great things, that greater Spirit com-  
     piled; ✓  
 As shawm or pipe lets out the sound impress'd, ✓  
     By music's art forged tofore and filed; ✓  
 I say, when David had perceived this,  
     The spirit of comfort in him revived is. ✓

2 For thereupon he maketh argument  
     Of reconciling unto the Lord's grace;  
 Although sometime to prophesy have lent  
     Both brute beasts, and wicked hearts a place.  
 But our David judgeth in his intent  
     Himself by penance, clean out of this case,  
 Whereby he hath remission of offence,  
     And 'ginneth to allow his pain and penitence.

3 But when he weigheth the fault and recompense,  
     He dammeth this his deed and findeth plain  
 Atween them two no whit equivalence;  
     Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain  
 To bear the name of rightful penitence;  
     Which is alone the heart returned again,  
 And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan;  
     And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.

4 With this he doth defend the sly assault  
     Of vain allowance<sup>1</sup> of his own desert;  
 And all the glory of his forgiven fault  
     To God alone he doth it whole convert;  
 His own merit he findeth in default:  
     And whilst he pondereth these things in his heart,  
 His knee his arm, his hand sustained his chin,  
     When he his song again thus did begin:

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.<sup>2</sup>

FROM depth of sin, and from a deep despair,  
 From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,  
 From this deep cave, of darkness deep repair,  
 Thee have I called, O Lord! to be my borrow.  
 Thou in my voice, O Lord! perceive and hear

<sup>1</sup> 'Allowance:' praise.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm cxxx.

My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow, 46  
 My will to rise: and let, by grant, appear  
 That to my voice thine ears do well attend;  
 No place so far, that to Thee is not near; 10  
 No depth so deep, that thou ne mayst extend  
 Thine ear thereto; hear then my woful plaint:  
 For, Lord, if thou observe what men offend,  
 And put thy native mercy in restraint;  
 If just exaction demand recompense; 15  
 Who may endure, O Lord? who shall not faint?  
 At such accompt? so dread, not reverence  
 Should reign at large. But thou seekest rather love; 20  
 For in thy hand is Mercy's residence;  
 By hope whereof Thou dost our hearts eke move.  
 I in the Lord have set my confidence:  
 My soul such trust doth evermore approve:  
 Thy holy word of eterne excellency, 25  
 Thy mercy's promise, that is alway just,  
 Have been my stay, my pillar, and defence.  
 My soul in God hath more desirous trust,  
 Than hath the watchman looking for the day,  
 For his relief, to quench of sleep the thrust.<sup>1</sup>  
 Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway;  
 For grace and favour are his property:  
 Plenteous ransom shall come with him, I say, 30  
 And shall redeem all our iniquity.

### THE AUTHOR.

- 1 THIS word 'redeem,' that in his mouth did sound,  
     Did put David, it seemeth unto me,  
     As in a trance, to stare upon the ground,  
     And with his thought the height of heaven to see:

<sup>1</sup> 'Thrust:' thirst.

Where he beholds the Word that should confound  
The word of death, by humility to be  
In mortal maid, in mortal habit made,  
Eternity in mortal veil to shade.

He seeth that Word, when full ripe time should  
come,

Do away that veil by fervent affection,  
Torn of with death, for death should have her doom,  
And leapeth lighter from such corruption :  
The glint of light, that in the air doth lome,  
Man redeemeth ; death hath her destruction :  
That mortal veil hath immortality ;  
To David assurance of his iniquity.

Whereby he frames this reason in his heart :  
That goodness, which doth not forbear his Son  
From death for me, and can thereby convert  
My death to life, my sin to salvation,  
Both can and will a smaller grace depart  
To him, that sueth by humble supplication :  
And since I have his larger grace assay'd,  
To ask this thing why am I then afraid ?

He granteth most to them that most do crave,  
And He delights in suit without respect.  
Alas ! my son pursues me to the grave,  
Suffered by God my sin for to correct.  
But of my sin, since I may pardon have,  
My son's pursuit shall shortly be reject ;  
Then will I crave with sured confidence.  
And thus beginneth the suit of his pretence :

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.<sup>1</sup>

HEAR my prayer, O Lord! hear my request;  
 Complish my boon; answer to my desire;  
 Not by desert, but for thine own behest;  
 In whose firm truth Thou promised mine empire  
 To stand stable: and after thy justice,  
 Perform, O Lord! that thing that I require.  
 But not of law after the form and guise  
 To enter judgment with thy thrall bondslave,  
 To plead his right; for in such manner wise  
 Before thy sight no man his right shall save,      10  
 For of myself, lo! this my righteousness  
 By scourge, and whip, and pricking spurs, I have  
 Scant risen up, such is my beastliness:  
 For that mine enemy hath pursued my life,  
 And in the dust hath soiled my lustiness;  
 To foreign realms, to flee his rage so rife,  
 He hath me forced; as dead to hide my head.  
 And for because, within myself at strife,  
 My heart, and spirit, with all my force, were fled,  
 I had recourse to times that have been past,      20  
 And did remember thy deeds in all my dread,  
 And did peruse thy works that ever last;  
 Whereby I know above these wonders all  
 Thy mercies were: then lift I up in haste  
 My hands to Thee; my soul to Thee did call,  
 Like barren soil, for moisture of thy grace.  
 Haste to my help, O Lord! afore I fall;  
 For sure I feel my spirit doth faint apace.  
 Turn not thy face from me, that I be laid  
 In count of them that headling down do pass      30  
 Into the pit: Shew me betimes thine aid,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxliii.

For on thy grace I wholly do depend:  
And in thy hand since all my health is staid,  
Do me to know what way thou wilt I bend;  
For unto thee I have raised up my mind.  
Rid me, O Lord, from them that do intend  
My foes to be; for I have me assigned  
Alway within thy secret protection.  
Teach me thy will, that I by thee may find  
The way to work the same in affection:  
For thou, my God! thy blessed Spirit upright  
In laud of truth shall be my direction.  
Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalt revive my sprite  
Within the right, that I receive by Thee:  
Whereby my life of danger shall be quite.  
Thou hast fordone<sup>1</sup> the great iniquity,  
That vex'd my soul: Thou shalt also confound  
My foes, O Lord, for thy benignity;  
For thine am I, thy servant aye most bound.

## NOLI EMULARI IN MALIGNA.<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH thou see th' outrageous climb aloft,  
Envy not thou his blind prosperity.  
The wealth of wretches, though it seemeth soft,  
Move not thy heart by their felicity.  
They shall be found like grass, turn'd into hay,  
And as the herbs that wither suddenly.  
Stablish thy trust in God: seek right alway,  
And on the earth thou shalt inhabit long.  
Feed, and increase such hope from day to day;  
And if with God thou time thy hearty song,  
He shall thee give what so thy heart can lust.  
Cast upon God thy will, that rights thy wrong;  
Give him the charge, for He upright and just,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Fordone:’ done away.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm xxxvii.

Hath cure of thee, and eke of thy cares all ; 14  
 And He shall make thy truth to be discuss'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bright as the sun, and thy rightwiseness shall  
 (The cursed wealth, though now do it deface)  
 Shine like the daylight that we the noon call.  
 Patiently abide the Lord's assured grace :  
 Bear with even mind the trouble that he sends ; 20  
 Dismay thee not, though thou see the purchase  
 Increase of some ; for such like luck God sends  
 To wicked folk.  
 Restrain thy mind from wrath that aye offends.  
 Do way all rage, and see thou do eschew  
 By their like deed such deeds for to commit ;  
 For wicked folk their overthrow shall rue.  
 Who patiently abides, and do not flit  
 They shall possede the world from heir to heir ;  
 The wicked shall of all his wealth be quit 30  
 So suddenly, and that without repair,  
 That all his pomp, and all his strange array  
 Shall from thine eye depart, as blast of air,  
 The sober then the world shall wield, I say,  
 And live in wealth and peace so plentiful.  
 Him to destroy the wicked shall assay,  
 And gnash his teeth eke with groaning ireful ;  
 The Lord shall scorn the threatenings of the wretch,  
 For he doth know the tide is nigh at full  
 When he shall sink, and no hand shall him seech. 40  
 They have unsheathed eke their bloody bronds,  
 And bent their bow to prove if they might reach  
 To overthrow the . . . . .  
 Bare of relief the harmless to devour.  
 The sword shall pierce the heart of such that fonds :<sup>2</sup>  
 Their bow shall break in their most endeavour.

<sup>1</sup> 'Discuss'd : ' sifted.—<sup>2</sup> 'Fonds : ' dotes.

A little living gotten rightfully                          47  
 Passeth the riches, and eke the high power  
 Of that, that wretches have gather'd wickedly.  
 Perish shall the wicked's posterity,  
 And God shall 'stablish the just assuredly.  
 The just man's days the Lord doth know, and see!  
 Their heritage shall last for evermore,  
 And of their hope beguil'd they shall not be;  
 When dismold days shall wrap the other sore.  
 They shall be full when other faint for food,  
 Therewhilst shall fail these wicked men therefore,  
 To God's enemies such end shall be allow'd,  
 As hath lamb's grease wasting in the fire,  
 That is consum'd into a smoky cloud.                  60  
 Borroweth th' unjust without will or desire  
 To yield again; the just freely doth give,  
 Where he seeth need: as mercy doth require.  
 Who will'th him well for right therefore shall leve;  
 Who banish him shall be rooted away.  
 His steps shall God direct still and relieve,  
 And please him shall what life him lust essay;  
 And though he fall under foot, lie shall not he,  
 Catching his hand for God shall straight him stay:  
 . . . . .  
 Nor yet his seed foodless seen for to be.                  70  
 The just to all men merciful hath been;  
 Busy to do well; therefore his seed, I say,  
 Shall have abundance alway fresh and green.  
 Flee ill; do good; that thou may'st last alway,  
 For God doth love for evermore the upright.  
 Never his chosen doth he cast away;  
 For ever he them mindeth day and night;  
 And wicked seed alway shall waste to nought,  
 The just shall wield the world as their own right,      79

And long thereon shall dwell, as they have wrought.  
 With wisdom shall the wise man's mouth him able;  
 His tongue shall speak alway even as it ought, 82  
 With God's learning he hath his heart stable,  
 His foot therefore from sliding shall be sure!  
 The wicked watcheth the just for to disable,  
 And for to slay him doth his busy cure.  
 But God will not suffer him for to quail;  
 By tyranny, nor yet by fault unpure,  
 To be condemn'd in judgment without fail.  
 Await therefore the coming of the Lord! 90  
 Live with his laws in patience to prevail,  
 And He shall raise thee of thine own accord  
 Above the earth, in surety to behold  
 The wicked's death, that thou may it record;  
 I have well seen the wicked sheen like gold:  
 Lusty and green as laurel lasting aye,  
 But even anon and scant his seat was cold  
 When I have pass'd again the selfsame way;  
 Where he did reign, he was not to be found:  
 Vanish'd he was for all his fresh array. 100  
 Let uprightness be still thy steadfast ground.  
 Follow the right: such one shall alway find  
 Himself in peace and plenty to abound.  
 All wicked folk reversed shall untwind,<sup>2</sup>  
 And wretchedness shall be the wicked's end.  
 Health to the just from God shall be assign'd,  
 He shall them strength whom trouble should offend.  
 The Lord shall help, I say, and them deliver  
 From cursed hands, and health unto them send,  
 For that in Him they set their trust for ever. 110

<sup>1</sup> 'Untwind:' be weakened, dissolved.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER,  
KNIGHT.

- 1 UNDER this stone there lieth at rest  
    A friendly man, a worthy knight;  
Whose heart and mind was ever prest  
    To favour truth, to further right.
- 2 The poor's defence, his neighbour's aid,  
    Most kind always unto his kin;  
That stint all strife that might be stayed;  
    Whose gentle grace great love did win.
- 3 A man, that was full earnest set  
    To serve his prince at all assays:  
No sickness could him from it let;  
    Which was the shortening of his days.
- 4 His life was good, he died full well;  
    The body here, the soul in bliss;  
With length of words why should I tell,  
    Or further shew, that well known is;  
Since that the tears of more and less,  
Right well declare his worthiness.

*Vivit post funera Virtus.*

THE END.









